

84

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Le C Wryke



Cumbe Land x a

Common Mr. Dean C. Wright
Manager
Commonplace Book
Easton Aug 11th 1841

On board the ship Benjamin Rush of
Warren R. I. Capt Anthony Safford bound
to the Pacific Ocean on a sperm whaling
voyage - March 5th 1844 - Lat 1.66 S Long 92-44 W

In this book I propose writing a little
of every thing - from poetry - anecdotes -
facts &c original and select all that is
original will be signed

D. C. Wright

D. C. Wright

Dean C. Wright

Come and try

Come and try

2

3

3 3 3 3 3

4 3 3 3 4

4 4 4 4 4 4 4 8

8 8 8 8



Right Whales

May 24th 1842. Lat 4.30 S Long 81 West

On board the Ben Rush all well - D. C. Wright

3

Good a Spirit John 11. 24



L. C. Wright's Book

Given Dec 24th / 1868

Poetry -	Return pages	8, & 9
Temperance	" "	10. " 11
Denominational	" "	12 " 13
S. School -		14 " 15
Poor thing	— — —	16 " 17
Miscellaneous	— — —	18 " 19
Spiritualism	—————	20 " 21

Disappointment

A woman, doomed to silence by her spouse,
 When heated in a conjugal affray;
 A surrender, singing to a house,
 When all its living inmates are away;
 A lion, foiled of his immediate prey;
 A marchand, just run over by a dray;
 A dun, just told to call some other day;
 A little kitten that has caught a mouse
 And let it go again; a justice gay,
 Caught in the middle of a night carouse
 By his maternal parent; - all these may,
 But somewhat disappointed, I dare say; -
 But what is worse than all these - pay attention
 Is what at present I don't care to mention!
 N. O. Picayune

Happiness - Where is it?

Is it in wealth? Go probe the breast
 Of fortune's favorite heir;
 And why doth woe that heart infect,
 And anguish cauter there?

Is it in fame? Its empty breath,
 Inconstant as the breeze,
 Will blast ere long, the laurel wreath
 That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship or in love?
 Alas! They soon decay;
 The Tears of disappointment prove
 How fickle is their stay.

'Tis not in all that here exists,
 'Tis not in folly's round;
 Look upward, mortals, there it dwells,
 And only there is found.
 N. Y. Mechanic

The maid of Erin
 My thoughts delight to wander,
 Upon a distant shore,
 Where lovely, fair, & tender,
 Is he whom I adore;
 O, would heaven its blessings sharing,
 Bestow them on his friend,
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the foaming ocean,
 May wide between us roar,
 Yet while this heart has motion,
 She'll rest within its core;
 So artless, and endearing,
 And mild, and fair, is she,
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fixed my station,
 In some propitious hour,
 The monarch of a nation,
 Endowed with wealth, & power;
 That wealth, & fortune sharing,
 My purchase gem should be,
 The lovely maid of Erin, ~~who~~
 Who sweetly sang to me.

When fate gives intimation,
 That my last hour is nigh,
 With placid resignation,
 I'll lay me down and die;
 And hope my bosom sharing,
 That in heaven I may see,
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.

From Memory
 "My brethren" said a learned crach "There is
 a great deal to be did and it is time we
 were all up and didding out

Good

The Dying American Tar
 His couch was his shroud; in his hammock he died,
 The shot of the Briton was true
 He breathed not a sigh; but faintly he cried,
 Adieu my brave shipmates adieu.

Away to your stations; it ne'er must be said,
 Your banner you furled for a foe,
 Let those stars, ever shine at your ^{head} ~~mizen~~ mast
 And the pathway to victory show.

Remember the accents of Lawrence, the brave,
 Ere his spirit had fled to its rest,
 Don't give up the ship; let her sink 'neath the wave,
 And the breeze bear her fate to the west.

O swear that your banner shall never be furled,
 Let me hear the words, struck have the foe;
 And, contented my soul bids adieu to the world,
 To its pleasures, its pains, & its woes.

He said, and a gun to theeward was heard,
 'Twas the enemy's gun well he knew,
 He raised up his head, and three times ^{charged} he
 And expired, as he uttered adieu.

From Memory

Washington

Oh never to man did bounteous heaven impart
 A purer spirit or more generous heart;
 And in that heart did nature sweetly blend
 The patriot hero, and the faithful friend.

Long Poet

The Soldier's Tear

Upon the hill he turned, to take a last fond look
 At the valley, & the village church, & the cottage by the brook;
 He listened to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier laid upon his sword, & wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which fluttered in the breeze;
 She breathed a prayer for him, a prayer he could not hear;
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear.

Over

41 The Soldiers Dear Continues
He turned and left the spot. Oh! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless the soldiers heart, though tears were on his cheeks!
Go watch the foremost ranks in dangers dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear
{Excellent} Long Book

Health to the lasses
Here's a health to all good lasses,
Plunge it merrily. fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture. without measure.
For with them true joys are found. Long Book

The Farmers Daughter
Where are you going my pretty maid?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said;
Stay I go with you, my pretty maid?
Its just as you please kind sir she said.

What is your father my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said;
Then I will marry you my pretty maid;
Its not as you please, kind sir, she said

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, kind sir, she said;
Then I cant marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said
{Good} Long Book

I cannot stay a minute
Now where so fast? a young man said
To her he loved, one day,
When he, with blushes, turned her head,
And cried. dont stop me pray;
But why this hurry? he replied,
As blithe as any linnet;
Yet still the pretty Esther cried
I cannot stay a minute.

Up

But why not, dearest, tell me why
 He still with ardour presses,
 Then said, by that love-beaming eye,
 This haste is all a jest;
 And could it by a but be true,
 Right sure I am to win it,
 Yet still the pretty Esther cried,
 I cannot stay a minute.

Go cant, but Miss, said he you must,
 And shall go with me too,
 Nay, now, I'll make, by all that's just,
 A bride, this morn of you.
 This morn, said she, make me a bride,
 There something pleasing in it,
 Oh! how I'm hurried, Esther cried,
 Pray don't let's stay a minute.

Long Book

The Ray that beams forever
 There is a bloom that never fades,
 A Rose no storm can sever,
 Beyond the Tulip's gaudy shades,
 The ray that beams forever,

There is a charm surpassing art,
 A charm in every feature,
 That twines around the feeling heart,
 It is thy voice Oh! nature.

Oh Stranger, if thou fair wouldst find,
 This rose no storm can sever,
 Go seek it stranger in the mind -
 The ray that beams forever!

Long Book

Naval strength of different powers				
Ships of the line	England	France	Russia	U.S.
do do	90	49	50	15
Frigates	93	60	25	35
Steam Ships of war	12	37	8	16 1/2
May A.D. 1859				

6
To Miss E. J. Candy
When I loved you I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough.
But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.
J. Moore

To Esther D—
That wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye that was glowing beside it,
Disturbed my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou ^{still} art so lovely to me,
I would sooner my exquisite charmer,
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another
J. Moore

To Miss — E. J. Candy
With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you;
I pray you if it is not too far,
Go, ask of Nature which you are,
Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay you need not take the pains
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains
For man or maids desiring;
But as females — fool as male,
As say too grave — a girl to stale,
The thing is not worth inquiring.
J. Moore

To Woman

Away, away - you're all the same,
A flitting, smiling, jilting thing!
Oh! to my soul I blush with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long.

How to be warmed & quick to love,
How gently kind, from censing breath,
So cold for bliss, so weak for love,
Yet signing all that's best in both.

Still haunting our a crowd to win
How joy it gives to woman's breast,
To make her frigid coyly vain,
Than one true manly love's best.

Away, away - your smile's a curse -
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
And justify Heaven! by such a curse,
Before I love such things again.

H. Moore

To Fanny -

Fanny, my love we were once sweet,
But trust me all that July's year,
I pressed for Plato's glowing pages
All that, and more, for thee I feel!

Whatever the heartless world deems,
However unfeeling friends condemn,
Fanny I'd rather die with thee,
Than live & die a saint with them.

H. Moore

The Sailor

The sailor he fears not the roar of the reef
But with courage all danger surmounts,
O'er his biscuit & can he reposes at ease,
And with pleasure each action recounts,

In Liberty's cause may the battles he's fought,
With freedom & peace be repaid;
In the terrors of war may the honors he's sought,
Gain him laurels that never may fade

H. Moore

Song - By Thomas Moore.

I met on that lip for a moment have gaz'd,
But a thousand temptations beset me.
And I've thought as the dear little ruby colour rais'd,
How delicious 'twould be - if you'd let me

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me.
They were buds of temptation to pointing to shun,
And I thought that you could not but let me

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
Oh! think how bewitching it met me!
And plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seemed to say you would let me.

Then forgive this transgression and bid me remain,
For in truth, if I go, you'll regret me;
Or, oh! let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish - will you let me.

Song By Tho^s Moore

Take back the sigh, the lips of art
In passion's moment breathed to me
Yet, no - it must not, will not part,
It's now the life breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee

Take back the kiss, that faintly sigh
With all the warmth of truth impress'd;
Yet, no - the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon thy lip its sweets would die,
As bloom to make a rival bliss!

Take back the vow that, night and day,
My heart received. I thought from thine,
Yet, no - allow thou still to stay,
Thy might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruined mine.

Tell her I'll love her.
Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain.
Or while there's water in the fairest main;
Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er.
And then my ghost shall visit her sweet door.

Tell her I only ask she'll think of me.
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea;
Tell her all this I'll tell her o'er and o'er, --
The anchor's weighed, or I would tell her more.
Long book

I've been roaming
I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming.
O'er the rose & lilly fair,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the hony-suckle creeps,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its kisses on my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
O'er hill and over plain,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bow'r back again.

Little he is a mischievous boy,
And uses the heart like a toy;
Full of capture when first he takes it,
Then he pouts, & throws it down, & breaks it.
His smile has such witchery in it,
That all the world wishes to win it.
But when in his crazy moods they hear him,
All wish they had never come near him.
Long book

A Sailor's gratitude
 Whate'er my fate, wherever I roam
 By sorrow still oppress'd,
 All men forgive the peaceful home
 That gave a wanderer rest
 "Thou ever rose life's sunny banks
 By sweetest, flowers, strew'd
 Still may you claim a sailor's thanks,
 A sailor's gratitude

The tender sigh the balmy tear,
 That muffled pity gave
 My last off'ring hour shall cheer.
 And bless the wanderer's grave
 "Thou ever rose life's sunny banks
 By sweetest flowers strew'd
 Still may you claim a sailor's thanks
 A sailor's gratitude."

Hope told &c
 "Hope told a flattering tale,
 That joy would soon return,
 Ah! naught by sighs avail,
 For love is doomed to mourn

Och! where's the flatterer gone?
 From me power flown,
 The happy dream of love is o'er,
 And life alas! can charm no more,
 Long Boon

Tell me my heart
 Tell me, my heart, why morning's pines,
 Like the fading eve?
 Why the gay bark's celestial chime
 Shall tell the soul to grieve?
 "The heaving bosom seems to say,
 "Ah! happy love's away,"

Tell me my heart why summer's glow,
 A winter day beguiles?
 Why Flora's beauty seems to blow,
 And fading nature smiles?

Some whisper in his ear,
 "Ah! happy maid, your love is near."

Long Boat

The Sailor's Star
 He leaped into his boat,
 As it lay upon the strand.
 But oh! his heart was far away,
 With his friends upon the land.
 He thought of those he loved the best,
 A wife and infant dear,
 And feeling filled the sailor's breast,
 The sailor's eye a tear.

They stood upon the far of cliff,
 And waved a kerchief white,
 And gazed upon his gallant bark
 Till she was out of sight.
 The sailor cast a look behind,
 No longer saw them near,
 Then raised the canvas to his eye,
 And wiped away a tear.

Ere long o'er ocean's broad expanse,
 His stately bark had sped,
 The gallant sailor from his post
 Descended a sail ahead;
 And then he raised his mighty arm,
 Columbia's foes were near,
 Ay! then he raised his arm,
 But not to wipe away a tear.

Long

Let him who loves &c
 Let him who loves a maid;
 Love but never leave her;
 When absent, she's afraid.
 He may oft deceive her.
 Love's flame, the wise ones say,
 Like lamps if fed will burn;
 But if too long we from it stay,
 It's out ere we return.

Then let him who loves &c

Good Night to Bachelor
 Bachelor go home, your pillow to hug.
 And if this night, you apply the spare rug.
 Good good.

She accepted Love
 Her dearest girl. I long have loved you.
 Sighed, and wooed, and prayed for bliss.
 You have smiled, and half approved me.
 But you never have said yes.

For de rol, de rol lol lol
 She - I say yes? That's mighty pretty.
 Girls must ^{produce} always prize;
 If you are a "lover witty,"
 Read my meaning in my eyes

For de rol de rol re
 He - In your eyes your words I'd seek for,
 But alas! they are too bright;
 Their sweet lustre, mine, too, weak for,
 Sure would perish in their light.

She - You are now some joke inventing,

He - None, my dear! no joke is there!

She - Why are you so complimenting?

He - Why, my dear, are you so fair?

She - Go your ways, I cannot cherish,
 Thoughts I want the power to own.

He - Pity me, or else I perish;

See how very thin I'm grown

She - Come, then, I'll be candid, Harry,

What is wanting to your bliss.

He - Why tis - She - What? He - That you would

She - Marry, ay? then I'll yes.

Both - We together love & hymen,

Join our hands so blithe and gay,

To-morrow bells shall loudly chime in.

To-morrow is our wedding day.

For & easy Long Book

My Mother Dear
My mother dear, o'er thy end chuck
Oft I've felt the tear drop stealing,
When those mute looks have told feeling,
Heaven denied thy tongue speak
And thou hadst comfort in that tear
Shed for me, my mother dear.

And now alas! I weep alone
By health, by joy, by hope forsaken
Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken.
Fearing, for thy fate unknown;
And vainly flows the bitter tear
Shed for the my mother dear.

She is there
She is there, the word is spoken;
Hand to hand, and heart to heart.
Though all other ties are broken,
Time these bonds shall never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness,
From the altar's holy shrine;
Oh! remember in her sadness,
She is there and only there.

In so fair a temple now,
Aught of ill can hope to come,
Good will strive & striving, ever
Make so pure a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,
Say what care should cloud that brow?
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou.

L. E. J. Candy

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling;
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, love thee still
Though some other swain may claim thee -
Oh! no other, ere can warm me

First Love

So. E. I. C. i continued.

Yet never fear, I will not harm thee, -
I, thou false one love thee still.

Oh! young maiden hearts, beware,
Of love's little arts beware!
Though I caution you suspect,
Though I counsel you reject;
But soon, and to your cost,
Your hearts they will be lost,
And you'll think of my caution,
Beware, oh! beware.

Oh! young maiden hearts, prepare,
For your pains, and smart's prepare:
When I reason, you may laugh;
When I threaten, you may scoff;
Still, still I tell you true,
What, ere long yet you'll do - Why,
Think of my caution, beware!
You'll think of my caution beware.

Long Back

The Rose of Allandale

The morn was fair, the skies were clear
No breath came over the sea,
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wand'ring forth with me;
Though flowers adorned the mountain side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there, ~~was the~~
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Wherever I wander'd east or west,
Though fate began to lour,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour;
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark
And rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm -
I was the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lip was parched
On Africa's burning shore sand, up

The whispered hopes of happiness
And fates of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had not fate linked my lot to hers -
The Rose of Alaudale.

Intemperance

It has been proved, by parliamentary evidence,
that nearly £300,000, sterling are yearly lost to the
British nation by shipwrecks and other accidents
at sea; and that by far the greater part of such
casualties are the immediate results of intemperance.

From Nov 11th 1838 to March 16th 1839, there
were 160 vessels wrecked and crews all perished:
42 stranded, - 23 foundered, - 92 abandoned, -
68 sunk, - 28 condemned, - 227 wrecked, - 76
not heard from - There were 2600 lives lost,
and the chief agent is ascertained to have been
intemperance - Report of B. & S. S. C.

Epitaph

To Mr. A. Esq

Know Thou, O stranger to the fame
(Of this) much-loved, much honored name
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart. Death never made cold.

Burns

Be a friend

An honest man here lies at rest,
As ere God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, the guide of youth;
Two hearts, like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed;
If there's another world he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Burns

An old sweetheart now married
 Once fondly loved & still remembered dear,
 The early object of my youthful vows,
 Except the name of friendship, warm, sincere,
 Friendship! - 'tis all cold duty now allows:
 And when you read the simple, artless, rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath the Atlantic roar.

Burns

Address to an old piece of salt beef
 'Old horse! old horse! what brought you here?'
 'From sacarap to Portland pier
 I've carted coal this many a year:
 Still, killed by blows & sore abuse,
 They salted me down for sailors use.
 The sailors they do me despise:
 They turn me over & stab my eyes,
 Cut off my meat, & pick my bones,
 And pitch the rest to Davy Jones

To B. M. Wright

Cautionous rosebud young & gay,
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou wily flower,
 Chilly shrink in slaty shower!
 Never Boreas hoary path
 Never Eurus poisonous breath,
 Never baleful stellar light,
 Taint thee with untimely blight!
 Never, never reptile thing
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor e'er let too fiercely wind
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew,

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem
 Richly deck thy native stem;
 Till some evening, sober, calm
 Drooping down, & breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland sings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings

Up

17

Continued

Thou amid the dirgifull sound,
Shed thy dying honours round.
And resign to parent earth,
The loveliest form she ever birth

Robert Burns

The Bible

Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious Treasure! thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to show me what I am;
Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine, thou art to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine, to teach of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Mine to comfort in distress;
With the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to teach by living faith
How to triumph over Death!
O, thou precious Book Divine
Precious Treasure! thou art mine.

Good

The Tar on the Ocean

The tar on the Ocean, truehearted & brave,
Looks down with contempt on the big swelling wave;
Regardless of danger he views with a smile;
The seas in commotion and thus sings the while;
Though tempests may rock me,
No terror can shock me,
For life they preach up, we must all pay a toll,
And our ship, should a death clock her,
For old Larry's locker,
Why, d'ye mind me, hell not get an inch of my soul.

When war is in motion still see him behave
Undaunted & smiling at death and the grave
And though from all quarters the shot round him
The truehearted sailor thus carolles & sings
Though tempests &c

The Sailor's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
 His hammock swang loose at the spot of the wind;
 But watchmen (and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced over his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear, native towers,
 And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn.
 Whilst Mommy stood sideways half covered with flowers,
 And dusted every rose, but scented a thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thicket,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest ^{in the wall,}
 All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father buds over him with looks of delight,
 His cheeks imprinted with a mother's warm tear,
 And the lips of the boy in a long kiss unite,
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay,
 Unblush'd and unhonour'd down deep in the main.
 Full many a sea fathom thy form shall decay.

Days, months, years (or ages, shall circle away, ^{well,}
 And still the vast waters above thee shall
 Earth loses thy body forever (and age,
 Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

Poor William found a watery Grave
 The rose had tipped the early dew
 And balmy scents perfumed the air,
 When William wept a last adieu.
 Upon the bosom of his fair,
 "Farewell" he cried "my lovely Lane,
 Though distant far across the main,
 Still death its end shall soon

The morning breeze swelled the sail,
 His vessel soon was lost to view. Up

But evening brought the angry gale,
 And vivid lightnings round them flew,
 Oh vain the billows force the brave,
 Sinking beneath the oppressor wave,
 Poor William found a watery grave—
 And bade adieu forever!

^{by}
 The Sailors Lullaby
 Peacefully slumbering on the ocean,
 Seaman fear no danger nigh,
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.—

So the wind tempestuous blowing,
 Still no danger they discern:
 The guiltless heart its boon bestowing—
 Soothes them with its lullaby. — Corb

^{by}
 The Indian Hunter
 Let me go to my home that is far distant west
 To the scenes of my youth that I like the best
 Where the tall cedars are and the bright waters flow.
 Where my parents will greet me: white man let me go.
 Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays
 Where oft I have sported in my boyish days,
 There is my poor mother, whose heart will overflow.
 At the sight of her child! O then let me go!
 Let me go to the hills & the vallies so fair,
 Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air,
 And then through the forest with quiver & bow,
 I have chased the wild deer! O then let me go.

Let me go to my father by whose valiant side
 I have sported so often the light of my pride,
 And exulted to conquer the insolent foe.
 To my father that Christian, O then let me go—

Over

And O let me go to my dark eyed maid,
 Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade,
 Whose heart's like the fawns, as pure as the snow
 And she loves her dear Indian! to her let me go.

And O let me go to my fair forest home!
 And never again will I wish to roam,
 And then let my body in ashes lie low:
 O that some in the forest, white man let me go!

Time

Onward, and still onward, the endless flight
 of time. Draf. blind, relentless - for nothing stays
 his wing. Even with the same eternal haste he presses
 on. Events that might astound a universe, prayers
 that might pierce a fiend, never delay, never melt-
 him. Cities roar and are silent. Empires rise and fall.
 Mountains bow their ice crowned thrones. Seas
 advance from their unfathomed beds. Even worlds,
 balanced in their far place, burst asunder, and
 pass away in the boundless deep of space - and yet,
 ever unpausing, unwarding, his course is on and
 still on!

Unpitying, did I say? No, dark, but slandered,
 divinity, not unpitying. Spread minister of
 Providence, thou bring'st peace as well as a sword.

All that can be spared, remains unharmed by
 thee: and in thy path not only ruin lies, but joy and
 beauty. It is thy hand that mends the half blown
 rose, ripens the harvest, and rears the oak. Who
 spreads nature with the tender spring? Who clo-
 -thes the yellow bird with his gorgeous coat, and can-
 -neth him on the bough? Who brings every object to
 its true use and perfection? Who sweeps away
 prejudice and error? Who unveils lustreous truth?

To all things fall beneath thy scythe? What
 blow hast thou stricken against Homer and
 Shakespeare, more than to brighten their radiance
 to secure their immortality? Does not all that
 is good and noble triumph by thy aid? With
 not the whole globe bespiced by thee grow -) Up

Time - Continued

wise and good? Will not war and superstition,
Tyranny and vice, by this be vanquished -

Frederic S. Day

Smoking

What harm is there in a pipe? says young Juffwell
"Now that I know of" replied his companion, except
that smoking induces drinking - drinking induces in-
-toxication - intoxication induces the bile - bile induces
the jaundice - jaundice leads to dropsy - and
dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your
pipe and smoke it - Newspaper

Red Hair

Yankee Hill tell about a man whose hair was
so red that his wife used to get up in the night
thinking it was sunrise. Good

A Fact

He who would be truly happy must endeavor
to make those around him so -

To be humble to superiors, is a duty; to equals, civility;
to inferiors. Courtesy - to all, safety.

Crooked Eyes

I say Mister how come your eyes so all-fired
crooked? My eyes? Yes, that came by sitting between
two and trying to look over to both at a time - Enough

Irish Bulb

"Well Patrick how do you do to day" said the Doctor "O dear
Doctor, I enjoy very bad health, entirely. This Rheumatism is
very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake
all night, and my toe is swelled as big as a goose's
hens egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly."

Kisses sweet

A western Editor says that nothing is sweeter
than the warm and ardent kiss of one we love
unless it is M O L E S T & C O.

22 Every man has in his own life follies enough - in his own mind troubles enough - in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough - in his own fortune evils enough, without minding other people's business.

¹⁴The Saw-Serp

¹⁴The brightest gun cannot surpass.
¹⁴The Sawserp on a blade of grass:
¹⁴Thus nature's smallest works combine.
¹⁴To herald forth a hand divine!
Shall man the noblest work of all,
With reason blast a sceptic fall?
Behold the form of wondrous skill,
With faculties that move at will,
¹⁴How perfect, & how rarely fit,
And all in all so exquisite,
That reason's eye but with a scan,
Proclaims - a God created man!

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart: as the richest pearls sleep in the roughest shell.

He who has nothing to boast of but illustrious ancestors is like a potato: the only good thing belonging to him is under ground.

An evil mind is naturally suspicious. Auger restrained is conquest gained.

On every occasion, when you discourse. Think first, and look narrowly what you speak of whom you speak - to whom you speak - how you speak - and when you speak - and what you speak - speak wisely, speak truly, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

Lifes Billows.

23

Tossed upon lifes raging billows.

How it is in truth to know,

Christ did press a sailor's pillow,

And can feel a sailor's woe;

Now slumbering, now sleeping,

Though the night be dark & drear,

He the faithful watch will keep,

"All all's well" his constant cheer.

And though loud, the wind is howling,

Since though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly through the storm-clouds scowling,

Over the sailor's anxious head;

Christ can calm the raging ocean,

All its noise and tumult still.

And the tempest's wild commotion,

At the bidding of his will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,

While to him I lift mine eye;

He will save me ere I perish,

He will hear the sailor's cry;

And though mast and sail be riven,

Lifes short voyage will soon be o'er;

Safely moored in heav'n's wide harbor,

Storm and tempest vex no more.

An Extract

Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by weakness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity - and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from it, and if disgrace settle upon him, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace. And if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Beautiful Sentiment

"As the vine which has long turned its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, with, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its embracing tendrils, and bind up its scattering boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman who is the more dependent, and ornament to man, in his happier hours. should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself in the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart"

Mind

Woe to those who trample over a mind!
A deathless thing— They know not what they do,
Or what they deal with!— Man's preface may bind.
The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew
The torch he quenched, or to music wind
Again the strings from his Fench that flew—
But for the soul!— Oh! tremble and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.

Think on those who have gone before you— Consider the empires which have passed away, and of all which have been— nothing remains but the Faces of virtue—

A Full wife

Mr. H— declared that his wife had five fulls. she was 1st Beautiful 2^d Slutifull 3^d Youthfull. 4th Plutifull 5th just an Arsefull

The Millennium

A little girl said to her father who was overhauling his accounts, "Father what is the Millennium?" "Ask the lady next door who sells bonnets" said the sagacious father "I know nothing about milennis goods"

A dandy asked to Two-pedlar intending to give
him if he could sell him a pair of Two boots, Two
said the pedlar taking up a pair of candle moulds
these will fit you exactly

Eutaph on a Chutten
Here lies a famous belly slave,
Whose mouth was wider than the grave;
Traveler tread lightly over his ashes,
For should he gaze your gown by gracious.

Eutaph on John Goff
Here lies John Goff who was made for fun
When he died
Old Nick cried
Come John Come

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss.
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris eyes;
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies,
Would like some that burn below.

Who that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood - all its pain.
Should, for ev' Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat,
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they.
John Moore

¹⁴Cloris & ¹⁴Fanny

Cloris if I were Persae, King
I'd make my graceful queen of thee:
While, ¹⁴Fanny wild, and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be

¹⁴There is but one objection to it:-
¹⁴That, writ. I'm much afraid,
I should in some unlucky minute,
¹⁴Forsake the mistress for the maid.

¹⁴The Sailor's Home

"Home for the mariner!"
O can it be?"

Yes, from wandering sons of the sea,
¹⁴There's a home for the sailor-
A home for thee.

"Aye, lady, floating,
On the changefull wave;
Or down in the depths of his oozy grave,
Where the furious tides,
Of the ocean rave,"

Aye, brave mariner,
Fear thou not;
Though few be thy friends, & hard thy lot,
By the heart of woman,
¹⁴Thou art never forgot.

As the coral reef,
Where the breakers fall,
Feel the billow dash on the huge sea wall,
As built by an insect
¹⁴Feeble and small;

So the humble haunts
Of the village fair
For the sons of the sea a home prepare.
¹⁴The hope, poor mariner,
¹⁴To rest thee there.

What might be done with the money wasted in War? It would purchase every foot of land on the globe. It would cloth every man, woman, and child in an attire that Kings and Queens would be proud of; it would build a school house upon every hill side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; and supply it with a competent Teacher; it would build an academy in every town and endow it; a college in every state & fill it with able professors; it would crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; it would support an able teacher of righteousness in each pulpit, so that every sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer another the earths broad circumference resound and the voice of prayer, and song of praise, might ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven.

Stebbins

Professor Hitchcock, estimates the cost of ardent spirits, wine, ale, cider, and tobacco, for the last ten years, used in the United States at \$1640,000,000! One half of this money, all of which is ^{worse than} thrown away, would print a bible in English, for each man, woman, and child on the globe.

Loss of life War

at Austerlitz 20,000; at Dresden 30,000, at Waterloo 40,000, at Eylau 50,000, at Borodino 80,000, Making 220,000, lives lost in five battles. In ancient times it was still worse. At Issus 110,000, At Arbela 300,000. In two ^{years} of Cesar's of the enemy alone 765,000 were slain. In the siege of Jerusalem more than 1,000,000. That of ancient Troy not less than 2,000,000. In the Russian campaign there perished in six months more than 500,000 and during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe not less than 5,800,000. The army of Russia was reduced 4,500,000, in less than two years. Genghis Khan reigned 41 years and 31,500,000 were slain in his wars. Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000,000; the Punic Wars 30,000,000; of the Crusades 40,000,000; The Saracens and Turks 60,000,000, each; of the Tartars 80,000,000. Mr. Lick reckons the sum total since Cain at 14,000,000,000, 18 times as many as the present population of the world and Burke supposes the number to have been 35,000,000,000.

Girard

Of the 56 signers of the declaration of independence
 9 were born in Mass; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland;
 4 in Conn. 4 in N. J. 4 in Penn. 4 in S. C. 3 in N. Y.
 3 in Delaware, 2 in R. I. one in Maine & in Scotland. 2 in
 Eng. 2 in Scotland & one in Wales.
 21 were attorneys 10 Mechanics, 4 Physicians, 3 farmers
 one clergyman, one printer, 16 were men of fortune.

To the Sea

I love the sea - the breeze that from its home
 Comes o'er the waters whitening into foam;
 The spray that glitters on the moon's pale light,
 From the dark vessel in her onward flight;
 I love the sea - even when across the sky,
 Quick as thought the winged lightning fly,
 When thunders roll - & like a misty veil,
 The white sail shivers in the driving gale.
 I love the sea - its boundless wastes of foam,
 The landsman's terror & the sailor's home;
 In storm or sunshine, wild, resistless sea,
 My heart's due homage shall be paid to thee.
 Sailors' Mag.

Irish Grammar

A gentleman traveling in a jaunting car - in
 Ireland of course - asked Pat, the driver, "Who lives in that
 house?" "One Mr. Tibbignahan, your honor that's dead!"
 "What did he die of?" "Of a Thursday." "How long has he
 been dead?" "Why, your plase your honor, if he had lived
 till next Thursday he'd ha' been dead a year!!!!!!!"

Common sense

Why is a love letter like a Beef market? Ans. Because
 there are tender lines in it.

What is a man over head and ears in debt? Ans. When he
 has a wig on which is not paid for.

Conjugal Wit

A French lady wrote to her husband, as follows
 Dear Husband, I write to you because I have nothing
 to do & I end my letter because I have nothing to say
 Mrs

A mother's love is deep,
 And nourished by her fears,
 His watchful watchful cannot sleep.
 Through all life's changing years,
 A mother's love is warm
 As kind & generous flow.
 In cloud, in sunshine, & in storm,
 Meets us wherever we go.
 A sister's love is pure,
 And like an angel, kind,
 Constant & firm, & will endure,
 To many follies blind;
 But ah! what love Jehovah's given,
 He sent his Son to die, from heav'n.
 Christian Watchman

The Sailor's Funeral

No wide spreading willows or shadow the spot,
 Where the rough son of ocean expires & goes;
 No firm sculptured marble can point out his tomb,
 For he lies buried far from kindred & home,
 But the mild voice of friendship shall ring his last knell
 And sigh o'er the sailor's funeral.

No sister nor agonised wife lingered nigh,
 To sooth his last moments, & hear his last sigh,
 No darkly robed mourners, we dropped on his bier
 That symbol of sorrow, affection's bright tear,
 As sigher at the toll of the loud village bell,
 And silently followed his funeral.

Far away from his home, in the dark glare of night,
 While the wild winds were roaring, his soul took its flight,
 With hearts scarce with sorrow we brought him on deck,
 And gathered around him a last look to take.
 Then lifted the plank & whispered "farewell!"
 And such was the sailor's funeral.

Though the tears of affection can't hallow his grave,
 Yet calmly he'll sleep 'neath the dark blue wave,
 While the loud screaming blast and the white foaming surge,
 Together will chant his sorrowful dirge. Over

The Sailor's Funeral Continued -
 And the wild water-spirit will rush from his cell,
 And sigh o'er the sailor's funeral,

His remains were encased in no coffin of wood,
 But the waters of ocean will wear him a shroud,
 Though no holy pastor prayed God to forgive him,
 Yet heaven will open its gates to receive him,
 And angels will swell with the full choral psalm
 And hallow the sailor's funeral.

Sailors Mag-

I love the sea
 I love the sea - the deep, unfathomed blue.
 With weight but billows & the sky in view,
 The winding bank, of strength & flutings proud,
 And the dark shadow of the passing cloud.

I love the sea - when comes the crimson ray,
 Of sunset, streaming o'er the liquid bay;
 When shadows twilight on the water falls,
 And from on high the wild, free-sea-bird calls.

I love the sea - its rocky, wave-washed isles,
 Where mermaids sleep, & where fond nature smiles,
 The sail that passes like a shadow by,
 When night's dark curtain shrouds the sea & sky.
 Sailors Mag-

Tobacco Chewing

Suppose a man chews tobacco 50 years, and
 each day consumes two inches of solid plug, it will
 amount to 6375 feet being nearly one mile and a
 quarter in length of solid tobacco $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick &
 3 inches broad and it would cost \$1100

"Give us a nip of sling," (said a young man as he swag-
 gered up to the bar of the village groggery) "to wash
 down the Federal lecture we have just been hearing."
 "Nip of Sling" Thought I. Trying to analyze
 up

Up of this continued 51
the cognomen - how appropriate!
1st "Shing" as a verb denotes to throw or cast out, & as
has "Shing" will "Throw" the remnant of his money to the
winds - & if he has a family it will "Throw" them into
1st Discouragement 2nd Wretchedness 3rd Upon the
Town - 4th will "siding" himself probably into
1st Adversity 2nd into Debt 3rd into Crime - 4th into the
ditch - 5th into prison 6th into a drunkard's grave &
7th into a drunkard's Hell

Sailors' Creed of Friday
Columbus sailed from Spain on Friday, discovered
land on Friday, and entered the port of Palos on
Friday -
The hull of Old Ironsides was laid on Friday - She was
launched on Friday; and on Friday; fought her first
battle on Friday, and discovered she had lost but
Jackson's figure head on Friday,

Old Ireland

Old Erin, green Erin, has scattered o'er earth
Vit, poetry, wisdom, & music & mirth;
The Emerald ever, though chained in the sea,
Gilds waters to brighten the shores of the foe.
Her statesmen, her patriots, her warriors & seamen,
And her prophets find home in every land;
While Erin, poor Erin, still sits in the foam.
Of old Ocean yet wraps inath despotic command.
She the birthplace of genius but never the home;
She still rocks the cradle, but builds not the dome,
Ever like the green jewel, dispensing her rays.
Though a diadem star for a conqueror's gaze.
Yet proud & yet bright shall the distant be,
First flower of the earth & first gem of the sea!

Here's a health to all good lasses
Plunge it merrily till your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round,
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture without measure,
For with these true joys are found -
A mine

William the Brave

On the side of yon strandlet there grows a green willow,
 That bends to its surface & kisses each wave;
 Beneath whose dark shade, with the soil for his pillow,
 In peace rest the remains of William the brave.
 There there o'er his grave does no stone tell his story,
 No monument glitters in splended array—
 Oh no!—on the heart is recorded his glory,
 On love's holy altar full never decay.

There, lonely at evening, when day is declining,
 Sweet Mary, in sorrow, oft hies to his grave;
 And moistens the flowers, in beauty entwining,
 With tears to the memory of William the brave.
 'Tis the test of affection, for sweeter appearing,
 I have all the gay glitter that custom ere gave,
 Ah never! 'tis a tribute & doubly endearing,
 When shed by fond love, o'er the tomb of the brave.

The Mariners Grave

I remember the night was stormy & wet,
 And dismally dashed the dark wave,
 While the rain & the sleet,
 Cold & heavily beat,
 On the mariner's new dug grave.

I remember twas dawn in a darksome dale,
 And near to a dreary cave,
 Where the wild winds wail
 Round the wanderer pale.
 That I saw the Mariner's grave,

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
 And how sad was the look they gave,
 As they o'erted their load,
 Near its last abode,
 And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
 As the corpse to the cart they gave,
 Save the night bird's shriek,
 And the coffin's creak,
 As it sunk in the Mariner's Grave.

The Mariners Grave Continued —
I remember a tear that slowly slid,
Down the cheek of a misshapen man,
It fell on the lid,
And soon was hid,
For closed was The Mariners grave.

Now o'er his low bed the briar creeps,
And the wild flowers mournfully weep,
And the willow weeps,
And the mountain sheeps,
On the Mariners silent Grave —

Number of whale ships belonging to the district of New Bedford on December 31st 1841.

Ports	Ships	Barks	Brigs	Mu.	Boys	Tons
New Bedford	138	33	10	4220	341	36753.20
Fairhaven	33	13	5	1054	73	14144.55
Dartmouth	3	0	0	6	7	874.24
Westport	6	6	11	182	25	1629.23
Plymouth	2	2	4	151	21	1475.20
Mattapoisett	2	5	3	154	14	1362.70
Wareham	1	1	2	85	6	876.39
Total	177	60	23	5893	487	77115.61

A lady in taking up a newspaper, looks first to the marriages, then to the deaths, first to what is most to be desired, then to what is most to be dreaded. Like a pendulum in its oscillations, she leaves one extremity, only to gain on another; but she beautifully illustrates human life, which is itself a pendulum vibrating between a smile and a tear. Phil. North American.

That there are other causes for going into the army than the love of country or love of fight or glory appears from the following discovery of one of the heroes of the late war.

"If Hannah hadn't bin so snappish, and made me do all the miffin and churning tw, I never should have bin here. She told she guessed I'd be sorry at

34
histid, but she drove me to distraction.
she rather stand the bullets than her eternal clatter
of tongue knives & forks & tin things. If she is a
widder its all her own fault. Tell her I da dream
about her & the baby sometimes. I calculate all
things are foreordained to all eternity, and if I
die fighting I shant have the expenses to pay off
a long spell of sickness; good by Ephraim; you
hant got no more tobacco than will do you sum
more ye?"

To offend against Omnipotence, is desperate
folly— against perfect holiness, desperate
pollution— against unmiterabl goodness is
desperate ingratitude

Chapter of good things
A glass is good & a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good & the people are good
And were all good fellows together;
A bottle it is ~~gossay~~ good thing,
With a good deal of very good wine in it;
A song is good, when a body can sing,
And to finish we must begin it,
A Table is good, when spread with good cheer,
And good company sitting round it;
When a good way off, we are not very near,
And for sorrow the devil confound it;— for
A glass is good &c
A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
For that's a good time to be rich;
For a justice good, the harness of a buck,
With such a good present you buy him.
A fine old woman is good when she is dead,
A song is very good for good hanging;
A fool is good by the nose to be led,
And this good song deserves hurrahing— for
A glass is good &c

The above song was written in just about no
time while our second mate was reading aloud in
a voice like young thunder
Elwright

^uFrom the Casket

^uThere is an anguish none can tell.
^uSave, those whose felt its maddening power.
^u'Tis when we're forced to bid farewell
^uTo one we've loved from girlhood's hour.
^uThe choking agony of heart—
^uThe tear suspended in the eye—
^uThe frequent, the convulsive start—
^uThe long loud sob—the frantic sigh—
 Declare the utter misery,
 That rends the agitated breast.
^uSo never thus the holiest tie,
 Affection ever yet possesseth!
^u'Tis very dear indeed to live,
 When every hour glides gaily past,
 And brightest hopes the vision move,
 But tears & farewells come at last.
^uThen—this is the time, that from the eye
 So long adored, compelled to part,
 Its gaze of lingering agony,
 Do haunt forever the soft heart!
^uThen—this is the time, the first warm kiss,
 Is snatched in haste, & scarce enjoyed,
 Yet all unchic'd, the niggard bliss
 Stolen when hope is just destroy'd!
^uThen—this is the time, the eager arms
 (That bashful trembled at the thought)
 Around the neck, in fond alarms,
 Twine as the the strongest fetters wrought.
^uThen—this is the time the quivering hand
 Holds us, with such stupendous power,
 Who can its strength then understand
 Go weak, in a less trying hour?
^uThen—this is the time, the very soul
 Seems with new tenderness to melt,
 As if restraint lost all control,
 And love alone was only felt.
 Yes at that time mid sobs and tears,
 (As precious moments hurrying past.)
 The love that was denied for years,
 The one wild rush is told at last—

A Kiss— By W. B. Tyler
 A kiss!— oh 'tis a magic spell
 That wildly thrills the breast,
 And bids it with rapturous swell
 When lip to lip is pressed.
 'Tis friendship's pledge— affection's seal,
 And though a transient bliss,
 Yet still the coldest heart must feel
The raptures of a kiss.

A kiss— 'tis love's own tender breath—
 Kind language of the heart—
 The last communion held in death,
 When friends forever part,
 When gloomy cares disturb the breast,
 No charm can soothe like this
 The mind is sweetly lulled to rest
Beneath a magic kiss.

A kiss— 'tis a dear delight,
 Whose memory often cheers,
 And shines through clouds serenely bright,
 Recalling bygone years.
 Who hath not felt the bosom beat
 With an ~~exquisite~~ static bliss,
 As living souls together meet
In transports glowing kiss. W. B. Tyler

To her I love best—
 Hear'st thou yon merry bells that ring?
 The sound is kind— Hear'st thou the strain
 Of happy birds? Their music brings
 Ah! thou wilt not refrain
 From tenderness— may do not grieve;
 Thou lay thy head upon my breast
 Quite careless of its downy hair
 Thou lovest me more, no more will part.

At sea Nov 13th 1841 Lat 37 30 South
 Long 40 West in the ship Benjamin Rush of
 Warren R. I. Anthony Gifford Master bound
 to the Pacific Ocean for whaling voyage
 Going 10 knots an hour God speed us all

On a star

There is a star beside the moon,
A little star, a twinkling star,
Flickering as if it would vanish even
In the calm depths afar;
And yet that speck of wavering light,
Shining like a smile upon the night,
As gem on blue cymar,—
Was rather a world. So say earth's seas.—
For three ten thousand thousand years

Oh! God that clouds like ours are done,
Adown that dreamy air—
Yet smiles that star & flickers on
As all within were fair,
And yet that world with woe & woe,
And crimes, & joys, & pains, & foes,
And fears, & wild despair,
And all the dark, deep throes of man,
Hath been the same since Time began—
Past.

Thou art not near me—
Vainly I listen as eve draws the night,
Sadly doth glisten the tear in mine eye.
The footstep that came, now comes no more,
What sweet echo claimeth those lone sounds of yore?
Thou art not near me,
None own one to cheer me,
And fondly my heart counts the dear minutes art.
Where art thou staying so distant & lone?
Wives are praying in love's gentle tone,
Still fondly they're calling thee, wishing thou'd come.
Oh! would they were bringing thee back to the home,
Thou art not near me,
None own one to cheer me,
And gloom shades each pathway, while parting
Summer is flying and autumn is near,
Bright leaves are dying, & flowers look sere,
The blossoms we loved are passing away.
Amid them are blundered the hues of decay

⁴⁴
 Thou art not near me — *Continued*
 Thou art not near me,
 Mine own: one to cherish,
 And darkness shadows each once sunny ray —

When shall we bid the thy fond maiden meet?
 Who playfully chide thee for laggard feet.
 When shall their echo sound glad on her ear low?
 Something a music sound she would to hear low
 'Till then be near me,
 Mine own one to cherish?
 Before the heart's summer is darkened & drear
 Catherine H. Waterman.

Chorus
 1st Young maidens, shield your guileless hearts,
Chorus
 Love scatters round a thousand darts;
Chorus
 Men have smiles for every one,
 From flower to flower they wander on,
 Let them in life's morning run —
Chorus
 2nd Young maidens don't be won by smiles;
Chorus
 For eyes which hath many wiles,
Chorus
 Nor must you be won by tears;
 Sweetest beneath their glow appears,
 Flirting to last cunning tears;
Chorus
 3rd Young maidens, seek a faithful heart,
Chorus
 And seem to take a minor part
Chorus
 Men are everywhere they can,
 And Love's reign's but a little span
 Willingly take an honest man
Chorus

Casket.
 Lat 40. South. Longitude 44. West. Spring
 W. by G. Nov 17th 1841. — *Swright*

Anacreontic Ballad

When sparkling nectar from the skies,
 To mortals by great Jove was given,
 'Twas meant to soothe man's cares and sighs
 And make earth's wilderness a heaven!

But Beauty seized the cup divine,
 And ere man's thirst's lip hath quaffed,
 She breathed into the ruby wine,
 Love's melting kiss to charm the draught.

And thus 'tis no Lethæan bowl
 For when the maddening draught is o'er
 New fires inflame the Lover's soul,
 And rage more fiercely than before.

Autumn - By H. B. Horst

Hurrah for brown Autumn. Hurrah hurrah,
 He cometh o'er vallies & plain;
 And the wailing wind is his note of war,
 And man & wean are the slain.
 He has won a robe from the scarlet leaf,
 And a crown from the ivy green;
 On his hand he carries a stoup of wine,
 He's a jolly fellow & well.

The poet may sing, the beauties of Spring,
 May praise of the seasons of love;
 But give me the hour when Autumn flings
 His mantle o'er meadow & grove.
 The moan of the winds is the song for me,
 And oh! sweet is their mournful cry,
 For they tell that cometh the autumn King,
 And they shout as he passeth by.

See! he bringeth with him, the sparkling frost,
 And the bright blossoms soon decay.
 And the Summer birds from the forest brown
 To the warm south have fled away.
 But he gives us instead, the mellow fruit,
 And the gay reapers harvest song,
 And the hunters horn through the naked wood
 As he passes the hot along.

Autumn By H. B. Hunt. Continues
 Hurrah for both Autumn. hurrah. hurrah,
 He cometh o'er valley & plain,
 As a conqueror rides o'er a field of war.
 And tramples the bracts of the slain—
 The wild timbers shout in his battle cry,
 The sharp frost is his keen edged sword,
 And blossom & leaf, & the waving grass,
 Shall bow him in death at his word
Cassidy

Home

Why, O why my heart this sadness?
 The 'morn' seems like these declivities?
 Where all, though strange, is joy & gladness.
 Say, what wish can get to him?
 Oh! say what wish can get to him?

All that's dear to me is wanting,
 Love & cherishes here I roam,
 The stranger's joy lower & enchanting—
 To me can never be like Home.
 To me can never be like Home.

Give me those & ask no other.
 Those that bless the humble arm;
 When with my father & my mother.
 Give & give me back my Home—
 My own, my own dear native Home.
Col. Long

The Sea—A Song

The sea—the sea—the open sea,
 The blue, the fresh, the sun free,
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It murmurs the earth-wide regions round.
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies
 As like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea—I'm on the sea,
 I am where I would ever be,

Up

The Sea. (a song) Continua
 With the blue above, & the blue below,
 And silence whosoever I go
 Of a storm should come & wake the deep
 What matter? I shall ride & sleep

I love oh! how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting Tide,
 When ever mad war drums the morn
 As whistles aloft his tempest turn,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the Sea-wind blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull Farm shore,
 But I loved the great sea more & more,
 And backward flew to her billows' breast,
 Like a bird that seeks its mother's nest,
 And a mother she was & is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, & o'er the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the whale she whistled the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcomed to life the ocean's child.

I've lived since then in calm & strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend & a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change.
 And Death whenever he comes to me,
 Shall find me on the unbounded sea.

Song. By Edward Vere.
 One thought for me, my love,
 When the silent-midnight hour;
 Touches all around, above.

With the magic of its power,
 When the heart is full & deep
 With the tenderest feelings,
 From the silent bed of sleep.

So raised to bright idealizing. Over

Aug. By Edward the Continued

3 If thou chance to see
Gay visions flit before thee,
Many loves bend the knee,
And promise to adore thee;
Let a thought of him arise,
Once a captiver in the net,—
But who now may thank the skies
That he baffled a coquette. (First rate)

The Lass that loves a sailor
The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ^{ripple},
Offering a chequered light;
The gay jolly tars passed the word for a tipple,
And the Toast for Twas Saturday night
Some even heart or life,
He loved as his life,
Each drank & wished he could hail her
But the standing Toast
That pleased them once—
Was the wind that blows
The ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor—

Some drink the King, some to his fine ships,
And some the Constitution;
Some may the Truck & all such ripes,
Wields to sailor's resolution,
What fate might bless
Some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing Toast &c

Some drank to the Prince & some our Land,
This glorious land of freedom;
Some that gay tars may never want,
Heroin's ban to lead them.
That she who's in distress may find
Such friends as never will fail her
But the standing Toast &c

Miss Rebecca Cooper lived at the age of 80 years in Hagerstown. she was a very singular character. she was a very secluded woman and devoid of all curiosity concerning the doings of the world around her. If it be true that home is the appropriate sphere of woman, then she was an example perhaps unparalleled. She resided in the family of a Mr Kincy 30 years and although blessed with a degree of health & activity unusual at her age, being able until a few days before her death to oversee her domestic affairs, and to attend regularly the Presbyterian Church of which she was a member. Yet in all the 30 years she was never but once in West Washington street, which was about 17 years ago, when she witnessed the consecration of the new Episcopal Church; and on her way thither she saw the court house for the first & only time although it is but one square from her residence. She was never at the market house in her life which was only one square distant, and up to the time of her death she frequently talked of going to see the new jail, which had been built about 15 years, but she never saw it. About 15 years ago, she was prevailed on to ride in a carriage 2 1/2 miles, to see the new turnpike which was then being made from Boonstovo to Hagerstown, which was the only instance during the whole 30 years that she ever rode in any vehicle. It is believed to be the only time she was ever out of town. Mr Kincy's store is under the same roof with his dwelling; yet she was never in the store but once, which was about 25 years ago, when after earnest solicitations she was induced to go in see it, but never afterward evinced the least disposition to repeat the visit, nor was she ever in any other store or dwelling house during the whole period of 30 years. The only books she read were the Bible and the Pilgrims progress, but from these acquired that knowledge which was much much more satisfactory in the hour of death, than any she could have acquired by mingling with the world; or more extended travels.

The Skylark

When morning's radiance gilds the east,
 And robes the dewy fields in light;
 The lark outspreads his shining wings,
 And gaily takes his heavenward flight.
 His parting song he hymns to earth,
 As ~~he~~ he mounts on high,
 To bathe his wings in ether's glow,
 And roam through fields of azure sky.
 Bird of the sky! who does not love
 To see the plume thy feathery breast?
 And hear the chant the rouselay,
 When soaring from thy place of rest?

The cottar points to thee with joy,
 As from his home, at dawn of day,
 He sees thee sporting high in air,
 To welcome Phoebus on his way.
 The ploughboy treading through the fields,
 Hears the sweet note, yet sees thee not;
 He wanders looks above - around!
 Searches each hedge - scans every spot.
 Yet vain his search, for thou art far,
 Above the reach of mortal eye;
 Thy song will soon be lost to earth,
 No met for heavens own minstrelsy!
 O. L. Fortescue

To - Miss E. Noble -

My life is all one dream of thee,
 Sweetest one & dearest!
 Sleeping - waking - still to me
 Ever - ever nearest!
 But to see thee, I sleep I'd never;
 But to dream, I'd slumber ever!
 There's not a thought that flows along,
 The channels of my soul,
 Or steals in silence or in song,
 But on to thee will roll,
 The fount streams forth without a hue,
 The bright sky makes the waters blue.

The Female Auctioneer
 "I'll buy a heart? Young Sarah says.
 Sarah the blooming & the fair;
 Whose lovely form & dove-like eyes,
 Can banish grief & soothe despair.

Come bid - my heart is up for sale;
 "Will no one bid? Pray, Sirs, consider,
 'Tis sound & kind, & fond & hale,
 And a great bargain to the bidder.

"I'll bid" says Cipicall "I will pay
 A thousand eagles promptly told."
 "That is no bid, Sir, - let me say,
 A faithful heart is not bought with gold.

"I'll bid with marriage, faith & flight
 A heart," says Nick "with love overflowing,"
 Ay - how a bid that's something like
 And now my heart is going, going.

A Parents Thought
 I've seen a lovely rose to day,
 But ere to-morrow's dawn,
 It may all pale & withered lie,
 Upon a ruthless thorn.

So the sweet child that smiles to day,
 We cannot call our own,
 For ere another day has fled,
 We may its exit mourn.

Christian Watchman.

~~And take this as a secret worth half a fortune to~~
 And take this as a secret worth half a fortune to
 you, that women, however vain they may be them-
 selves, despise vanity in men.

Jealousy - To have a trustworthy wife, you must
 begin, even before marriage, to show her that
 you have no doubts, suspicions or fears in re-
 gard to her. - For all women despise jealous men,
 and if they marry them it is not from affection they do it.

It was on one summer's morning the weather
 A mother & her daughter walked out to take the air.
 And as they were ~~walking~~ ^{coming} the maid began to vow
 Saying "I must and will get married for the fit

"O daughter daughter pray hold your foolish tongue,
 And do not talk of marrying for you know you are too
 "Why my age is full 16 & that you will allow
 So I must & will get married &c &c &c"

"Supposing you should try my love should not succeed"
 "I never fear dear mother for there is the sailor Ned,"
 "He came unto me last night milking my cow,"
 "So I must & will get married &c &c &c"

"Supposing he should slight you as he has done before,"
 "Why never mind dear mother for there is a plenty more,"
 "There is the tailor, the sailor & the last that follows the plough"
 "So I must & will get married &c &c &c"

"Long nights are coming on, cold & tedious is the weather,"
 "It's hard for one to lie alone when two can lie together,"
 "And as for living an old maid I won't I do vow"
 "So I must & will get married for the fit comes on me now"

~~... ..~~
 But to dream, I'd slumber ever!
 There's not a thought that flows along,
 The channels of my soul,
 Or, steals in silence or in song,
 But on to thee will roll,
 The fount streams forth without a hue,
 The bright sky makes the waters blue.

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Newspaper. A newspaper resembles the world. The large capitals are aristocrats; the Roman letters are the men, and the italic the women. Every form is a nation with the big bugs at the head; and as in every form there are various pieces, so are there different classes, societies, and sects in the world. The four pages of the newspaper are Europe, Asia, Africa, & America. The first page is Asia, as the first quarter that was peopled. The second or editorial page, is Europe, the opinionated spokesman of the world. The third page, mostly covered with advertisements, is America, with all its train of wooden nutmegs, thrifts, and hasty swallowed dinners. The fourth page is of course Africa, and like that quarter of the globe is seldom explored. *W. H. L.*

Slavery. Sir John Hawkins afterwards an Admiral in & Treasurer of the English Navy, was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave trade - in the year 1562, he went a voyage and obtained 300 slaves.

Dress. Even if fine clothes should obtain you a wife, will they bring you, in that wife, frugality, good sense, and that kind of attachment, which is likely to be lasting? Natural beauty of person is quite another thing; this always has, & always will & must have, some weight even with men, and great weight with women. But this does not need to be set off by expensive clothes. Female eyes, are, in such cases, very discerning; they can discern beauty though surrounded by rags. And take this as a secret worth half a fortune to you, that women, however vain they may be themselves, despise vanity in men.

Jealousy. To have a Trustworthy wife, you must begin, even before marriage, to show her that you have no scruples, suspicious or fears in regard to her. - For all women despise jealous men, and if they marry them it is not from affection they do it.

In choosing for a wife you may know if she be extravagant by noticing if she is fond of earrings, broaches, bracelets, buckles, necklaces and nearly all the ornaments which women put upon their persons, —

Do marry a girl who is fond of these things it will be self destruction, — Earn her a horse to ride, she will want a gig; earn the gig, she will want a chariot; earn a chariot, she will want a coach & four; and from stage to stage she will torment you to the end of your, or her days; for as long as anybody has a finer equipage than she has, she never can rest; Remember that, that girl who has not sense enough to perceive that her person is disfigured and not beautified by parcels of brass & tin or even gold and silver, — is not entitled to a full measure of the confidence of her husband when she marries.

If a woman wear her shoes trodden down on one side, loose on her feet or run down at the heel it is a bad sign; and as for going shipshod, though at coming down stairs in the morning, or even before daylight, make your mind to a rope rather than to live with that woman as your wife.

Young Man Quick in
the choice of a wife —

The best remedy for melancholly in a wife is — Both arms full of children and a fair prospect of more, but if this fail give her a little real trouble a little genuine affliction and they will generally affect a cure. (God save me from the children)

Oct 27th 1639 Two persons named Mr Robinson & Margaburke Stephenson, were executed and Jan 1st 1660 Mary Leyer was also executed for their adherence to quaker (friend) principles in Boston. Huttons History of U. S. A.

Savings Bank.

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The following calculations will show the rapid increase of small savings at only 4 per cent per annum.

Twenty-five cents a week laid by, and each four weeks deposited in the Savings Bank will amount in		1 year to	\$13.12c
fifty cents saved and put in in the same way		2 " "	26.24c
will amount in		3 " "	40.36c
1 year to		4 " "	55.48c
2 " "		5 " "	71.12c
3 " "		10 " "	157.81c
4 " "			
5 " "			
1 year to			
2 " "			
3 " "			
4 " "			
5 " "			
2 " "			

one dollar each week will amount in 1 year			\$52.78c
2 " "			107.40c
3 " "			164.83c
4 " "			224.27c
5 " "			286.12c
10 " "			634.89c
Three dollars now put in will amount in			
1 year to		\$10.40	
2 " "		10.82	
3 " "		11.26	
4 " "		11.72	
5 " "		12.19	
10 " "		14.86	
\$100 now put in will amount in			
5 years to		\$121.90c	
10 " "		148.59c	

The sum of the value of three drinks of grog a day is 12c. This saved would amount in			
1 week to		\$00.84c	
1 year to		43.68c	
5 years to		218.40c	
10 years to		436.80c	
One pound of tobacco is worth 30c and a tobacco chum will use 1 pound a month, this will amount to			
in 1 year		\$3.60c	
5 " "		18.00c	
10 " "		36.00c	

Now take the \$436.80c and then the \$36.00 and they make \$472.80. \$472.80 would buy very many things much more useful than rum and tobacco. I wonder why somebody don't try it and see how it will work in practice as well as theory. All right

Mother

Who that has known a mother's love,
 Can ever forget her accents mild?
 Her tears, her prayers, must ever prove,
 The tie that binds her to her child;
 The world may use her offspring ill;
 He may become abused and low,
 But pity, on that altar still,
 Shingles with love a brighter glow.

There's not a name on earth more dear,
 Than that the Fount first learns to speak;
 There's not a bosom more sincere,
 Than where we laid our infant cheek.
 There's none where half the feeling glows,
 As that which burns within her breast,
 An altar there, the light still shows
 Of earth's friends she is the best.

C. A. C. e

Temperance

O take the shaddening bowl away,
 Remove the poisonous cup;
 My soul is sick - its burning ray,
 Hath drunk my spirit up.

Canst not behold its ruddy hue,
 "O press it to thy lips!"
 For tis more deadly than the crew,
 That from the Ufas drips.

Say not, "It hath a spell to, so the"
 The soul in misery sleep;
 Go ask thy conscience if the bowl,
 Can give eternal sleep!

Go I will have no more of thee,
 Thou bane of Adam's race;
 But to a heavenly fountain flee
 And drink the dew it gives.

Dabth B. C. e

The Soul

Not all that tongue can say, or pen can write,
 The value of the immortal soul can tell;
 Doomed to ascend the worlds of endless light,
 Or sink to regions of an endless hell,
 Suspended on each hour we live, hang all
 The woe or joy of our eternal home,
 The present now we hear the Gospel's call,
 Embraced we live, refused we are undone!
 The blood of Christ was freely shed for us—
 All Heaven would bid us "come in welcome" then,
 O let us now escape this dreadful curse,
 Fly to the saviour, & his mercy share—

The Sailor's Hymn.

Sons of the ocean, rock'd on the billow,
 Cradled 'mid dangers unknown to the shore;
 Your lullaby song as you rest on your pillow,
 Is nought but the sound of the deep ocean's roar.

Do not forget, as around you are blowing,
 The winds that propel you away from our sight,
 For you on the banks of Jerusha, are flowing,
 The prayers of the righteous, noon, morning & night.

Do not forget one that long has devoted
 His life to your cause, & we think not in vain;
 For sure by his efforts some have been promoted
 To rank with the Christian much higher than mine.

Remember, when Ocean around you is raging,
 When over you hangs the dark threatening cloud;
 Remember that here is a beacon flag waving,
 Where prayers for your safety are oft long & loud.

Remember the voyage of your life is soon over,
 That the waves of eternity ceaseless roll;
 Remember while life is around you to hover,
 Remember, brave sailor, immortal is your soul.

Sailor brave sailor, time is fast flying,
 Heaven's gates they are nearly in view;
 Soon in that port you will surely be lying,
 Be true to your flag, brave sailor be true. E. H.

My Mother
 Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hushed me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
 My Mother.

When sleep took me my open eye
 Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
 And soothed me that I should not cry?
 My Mother

Who sat and watched my infant head
 When sleeping on my cradle bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed?
 My Mother

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
 And prayed that I should not die?
 My Mother

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell
 Or kiss the place to make it well?
 My Mother

Who taught my infant lips to pray
 To love God's holy Book and day,
 And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
 My Mother

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate & kind to thee,
 Who was so very kind to me—
 My Mother?

Ah! no the thought I will not bear,
 And if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care
 My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old & gray,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away
 My Mother

And when I see thee hang thy head
 I will be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed
 My Mother.

Up,

My Mother - Continued
 For God Who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise

My Mother

My Father
 Who took me from my Mother's arms,
 And, smiling at her soft alarms,
 Showed me the world & nature's charms?

My Father
 Who made me feel and understand,
 The wonders of the sea & land,
 And mark through all the Maker's hand?

My Father
 Who from each flower, & verdant stalk,
 Gathered a hoarded store of talk,
 To fill the long delightful walk?

My Father
 Not on an insect would he tread,
 Nor strike the stinging nettle blade,
 Who taught at once my heart and head?

My Father
 Who fired my breast with a hero's fame,
 And taught the high & noble theme, that
 That mighty flashed upon my dream?

My Father
 Who move in pale & placid light,
 Of memory gleams upon my sight,
 Bursting the sepulchre of night?

My Father
 O teach me still the Christian man -
 Thy practice with Thy precept ran -
 Do not desert me now - a man

My Father
 Let thy child-boy's heart rejoice,
 With a charm of thy angelic voice,
 Still prompt the motive and the choice

My Father -
 Spirit of the Public Journals of 1815
 On board the Bay Rush 70 miles East from
 San Francisco

The blustering winds are hushed on high,
 The darkened clouds are all withdrawn;
 And stealing to the western sky,
 The evening shades move o'er the lawn.

The woodlark pours her sweetest song
 That softly sinks as day retires;
 And as it dies the vale along,
 A harmony of soul inspires.

Calm as this closing hour of day,
 And bliss with harmony as sweet;
 May Sarah's seasons glide away,
 And peace and joy her wishes meet;
 And may no dark relentless storm
 Her tranquil happiness deform. — Ibid

The Sailor Boy
 Dark flew the scud along the wave,
 And echoing thunders rent the sky;
 All hands aloft to meet the storm,
 At midnight was the boatswain's cry.

On deck flew every gallant tar,
 But on deck of every joy;
 Within a hammock's narrow bound,
 Lay stretched a helpless sailor boy.

Once when the boatswain piped all hands,
 The first was he of all the crew;
 On deck to spring — to trim the sail,
 To stir — to reef — to furl or clew.

Now fell disease had seized a form,
 Which nature cast in finest mould;
 The midwatch bell now smote his heart,
 His last his dying knell it tolled.

"O God" he cried and gasped for breath,
 "Ere yet my soul shall leave the skin,"
 "Are there no parents — brethren near,"
 "So close in death my weary eyes" Wp

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The Sailor Boy continued
"All hands aloft to bear the strain,
"I hear the winter tempest roar:
He raised his head to view the ocean,
And backward fell to see no more.

The morning sun in splendour rose
The gale was hushed & fell the wave;
The sailor far from all his friends,
Was plung'd into a watery grave.

Burke who saw the sailor's dead,
He, who can see, or can distrust,
Snatch'd a up to Heaven the purest soul,
That ever adorn'd a sailor boy -

Hope

How sad is friendship's parting hour,
When anxious throbs the brow reveal,
How fondly many's fingers o'er,
The vanished forms we loved so well.
Has what anguish rends the heart,
In that sad hour when friends must part.

Yet young and hope shall turn the view,
A churing scene of bliss to paint,
When starting tears the eyes bedew,
And all oppression shall be slain.
To mark the joy with which we greet,
The rapturous hour when friends shall meet.

The Land of our Birth

There is not a spot in this wide peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;
Is the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot,
Which memory retains when all else is forgot -
May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod.
And its valleys & hills by our children be trod.

The Land of our Birth. Continued
 Can the language of strangers in accents unknown
 Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?
 The face may be fair, & the smile may be bland,
 But it lacks the tone of our dear mother land!
 There's no spot on earth
 Like the land of our birth,
 Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar & hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to bind
 The dear name of Parent, of Brother & friend;
 Which taught us to hie on our mother's loved breast,
 The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest.
 May the blessings of God
 Ever hallow the sod.

And its valleys & hills by our children be trod.
 Monthly Repository of Knowledge.

The dwelling of my choice. By J. F. Smith.
 Away, when the ocean with deafening roar
 Swells under and round me, behind & before,
 When, dashing & foaming, it ever has peace,
 And tossing of billows & waves never cease—
 When, grandeur & might, all this wonder ^{prepar-}
 Let the scene be sublime— and, my dwelling be there.
 Or—

Where storms never smite, & winds never blow—
 Beyond, where the stars in their brilliancy glow—
 Where millions of suns in their majesty burn,
 And blaze on the eyes from each point where ~~they~~ turn;
 Where seraphs & angels & sainted ones be—
 The loved ones on earth I shall never more see—
 Where bliss flows in richness that man cannot tell,
 And God shines in glory— O there let me dwell—

Epigram

Once two divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
 In merry mood, o'er Boston neck were riding,
 At length a simple structure met their sight
 From whence the felon takes his humpen flight.
 When, sailor like, he squares accounts with hope
 'Tis all depending on a single rope—
 Up

Epigram - Continuation

"The whole, my friend," cried one "where were you then,"
"Had your gallows been allowed its due?"
"Where" said the other in sarcastic tone,
"Why where but riding into town alone." Love

Good notes

A lawyer in cross examining a witness, asked him among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, "in company with two friends" "Two friends" says the lawyer, "two thieves, I suppose, you mean" "They may be so," replied the witness "for they are both lawyers!"

A virgin of 25 years of age, was once throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a young man on the wrong side of 40 observed that "marriages were made in Heaven" "Can you tell me Sir," rejoined the sly nymph, "why they are so slow in coming down?"

The Sailor

Dark rolls the sea - and I can hear,
Hought over the winds low murmur;
No light marks out my pathway afar,
Yet I am not alone.

God, who has been my guardian through life,
Lifts divisions, thorny maze,
My future welfare still pursue,
On land, or on the sea.

On land I could no safer rest,
Or more secure sleep;
I am soft cradled on His breast,
While bounding o'er the deep.

He calms the tempest & the storm,
And stills the sweeping wind;
And to a weak & feeble worm
He never proves unkind.

Sailor's Song

Sailor's Life

How happy is the sailor's life,
 From coast to coast to roam;
 At every port he finds a wife,
 At every land a home.

He loves to range,
 He's no where strange,
 He never will turn his back,
 To find a foe;
 No masters, no;

My life for honest Jack

He loves to range &c.

Of dunces for dare make a noise,
 And to the sword appeal;
 Will out, and quickly learn 'em boys,
 With whom they have to deal,
 We know no craft,
 But for & aft.

Say on our strokes amain;
 True if they're stout,
 For 't'other bout,

We'll drub 'em o'er again.

We know no craft &c.

On fair, or foul let fortune blow,
 Our hearts are never dull;
 The pocket that to day ebbs low,
 To morrow shall be full.

For if so be

We want 'em see,

A pluck o' this here stuff,

In Indi-a

and Americ-a

We are sure to find enough.

For if so be &c.

Bye-past Times

The sky is blue, the sword is green,
The leaf upon the bough is green.
The wind comes from the balmy west.
The little singer builds its nest.
The bee hums on from flower to flower.
Till twilight dim & fonder hours;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again.

I think on childhood's glowing years,
How soft, how bright the scene appears.
How calm, how cloudless, passed away,
The long, long, summer holiday!
I may not muse, I must not dream.
How beautiful these visions seem.
For earth's mortal men, but when
Shall bye-past times come back again.

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
So deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the flowing fields I roved,
With him, the earliest dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought a bright celestial ray,
As present seems denied; and when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

Has the world at distance run,
Appared all blissful & serene,
The Eden formed to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams, & golden fruit?
What world when Fred & Fred is round.
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

Grammar - "Well, Miss said a knight of the bichan
rod." Can you decline a kiss" "Yes sir" said the girl dropping
a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most pla-
guily."
Poetry is the jingle of silver dollars in these shin-
plaster days

A wet shut & a flowing sea,
 And a wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white & rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast my boy,
 While like an eagle on,
 And our good ship flies, and leaves
 Columbia on our sea.

O give me a wet shut & a flowing sea
 And a wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white & rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast

O for a soft & gentle wind,
 I heard a fair one cry,
 But give me the roaring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 Our good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And every man on we
 O give me He He

I hear the drum in your horned morn,
 And lightning in your cloud
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The winds are piping loud;
 The winds are piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free;
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.
 O give me He He

My Bounding Bark
 My Bounding Bark, I fly to thee,
 I'm wip'd of the shore,
 I love to hail the swelling sea
 And wander here once more,
 A sailor's life is sweet as thou
 That only is the life for me

Up

61

My Douding Park - Continued
I was not born for fashions slave,
Or the dull city's strife;
To ruin the spirit-stirring war,
And wrong sailors life.
A life of freedom on the sea,
That only is the life for me.

I was not born for lighted halls,
Or the gay routs round,
My music is when Ocean calls,
And echoing rocks resound.
The wandering sailor life to glaze,
That only is the life for me.

The Wine Cup, By a Sailor
Away, away, from sparkling cups,
That poison in the ruddy stream;
The shroud of death the cable hears,
Upon the golden ripples gleam.
Why ride the heavy heart men make,
To feelings of the lowliest joy,
But ah! it is the golden snake,
That fascinates but to destroy.

Away, away, accursed things,
For well I know accursed thou art;
Away the baneful tide will bring
Destruction to the noblest heart.
Before its blighting influence fall,
The fairest, fondest hopes of friends;
It holds the heavy heart in thrall,
The altar fire of friendship ends.

Away, away, in boyhood's prime,
Before I knew the pained glow,
This sacred heart was void of crime,
And virtue on its tablet stood.
A father's fond affection threw,
Around my path its brightest beams,
And in a mother's love I knew,
A life made up of joyous dreams.

Over

I great Recitation. Luchin
The schoolmaster was in a great hurry. He had
just received a letter from his Chinese, & the "jogroff"
class was disposed of in double quick time.

Plynesia, where situated, what are the products,
the inhabitants, Latitude & Longitude & how is it
bounded? Said the pedagogue, to a huge red-headed
boy, whose face bore the expression of a Turkey egg, with
just like battering rams.

And Polynesian is an independent group of
islands in the anterior of the Great Waraharar, on
the coast of Cornwall. Its products is silica springs,
cucumbers, & twice shell canisters, and sometimes
women & children. The inhabitants is for the most
part Kalume Porters & Fishers is like the & Chinese.

Latitude & Longitude is ditto. It is bounded on all
sides by the Chinese wall, which was erected to pre-
vent the nocturnal visits of the equator into the
Caspian sea, and on the south by the Green ribbon
channel, & the promontories which is uneven only now
and at high water mark with a Highland gnomes,
and other animals of the same class. The religion is
like the products, intolerance & idle worship."

{ Amos Butte did not teach that school.

How to get on in the World.

To get on in this world, you must be content to be always
stepping where you are; to advance, you must be sta-
tionary. To get up, you must keep down. Following
riches is like following wild geese, you must crawl
after till on your belly, the minute you pick up your
head off the ground, whistling down the wind, & you see
no more of them. If you have not the art of stick-
ing by nature, you must acquire it by art; put
a couple of pounds of birds lime upon your office
stool, & sit down on it, get a chain around your
leg, and chain yourself to your counter like a pair
of scissors, nail yourself against the wall & you get
the sign of business; like a brand on a barn door, the
sign of the spread eagle; or what will be best of all, wear
an honest low girl, without a penny, & my life for
yours, if you don't do business, I don't mind what your
relations say about Talbot, Learning, genius, & traps.

How to get on in the world - Continues.
 - and such stuff, when they come advising you for
 your good, stick up to them for the love of a sovereign.
 & if ever you see them on your side of the street again,
 shiver me and mine, but to get on in the world
 I tell you over and over again you must be a stickler.
 You may get fat on a rock if you never quit your
 hold of it. Thickwoods May.

A Busy Fellow -

There is an editor down east, who is not only his
 own compositor, pressman & devil, but keeps a
 tavern is village schoolmaster, capt. of the militia,
 mends his own boots & shoes, makes putout Bread-
 - with hills, saddles rears & Fin ware two days
 in the week, & always reads sermons on the sabbath
 when the minister happens to be missing. In ad-
 -dition to all this he has a wife & a dozen child-
 -ren - True Love

The Motherless - By Mrs. W. H. W.

Thou hast kissed him with those cheek-lips
 Thou hast kissed him with those cheek-lips
 Canst thou the listening ear again;

Thou hast borne the gloomy funeral train,
 And the tears have flowed over the silent dead -
 But those tears were banished as soon as shed;
 O the infant heart is a love to quest,
 The words in store for the motherless.

Thy father loves thee, yet earthly cares
 Spread in his way their engrossing snare,
 He will for thee in the world's vast mart,
 But he only gives thee a share of his heart:
 There are none to point out the budding charms,
 Or to place thee fondly in his arms,
 And his passing visit and brief carres,
 Can little profit the Motherless.

But thy childish gle is a blessed boon.
 The knowledge of ill will come all too soon,
 Thou shalt tread in study's rugged ways,
 And welcome no fond familiar praise.

165

1044 The Motherless. Be calm, dear child, continue
Thou must not faint in thy dream of bliss,
The clasping arm or the thrilling kiss;
A home indeed thou wilt still possess
But dearer is the home of the Motherless.

When the flattering world shall the steps invite,
To its flowery paths and its halls of light,
Thou wilt not the precious safeguard give,
Of a gentle mother's whispered prayer;
Those flowers shall wither that light decline,
And the pangs of blighted hope be thine;
But who shall pity thy soul's distress —
There are few who feel for the Motherless.

I may not the heartful sorrow allay,
That darkly threatens the future day;
I can but pray that a heavenly arm,
May kindly shield thee from wrong & harm,
O thou, dear child, to One above,
His mercy is more than human love,
And his power can even soothe and bless
The thorny path of the Motherless.

1045 To Miss E. L. Candy
So rough, so rude, so gentle, true,
And changing still about,
No man in peace can live with you,
No live in peace without

1046 The Compass or Christian Sailor
Dark is the night, & loud the wind;
The seaman's dreary watch I keep,
And strive in this lone waste to find
Some solace for the weary mind,
Or need the balm of sleep.

And is there not a lesson taught
The seaman, as his course he runs?
Behold his precious compass fraught
With document of serious thought,
And quiet for his fears

Over

667 The compass, O Christian Sailor, continue
The needle, see, its course maintain!—
Though mountain-high the billows roll,
And foam, & toss and pour again
Their briny torrent.— 'Twill remain
Aye steady to the pole.

Why? with the magnet's wondrous power,
An artist touch'd the quivering steel.
It knew no quittance 'Till that hour,
For since hath anchored,— storms may loud,
'Twill still that influence feel

So I, though rude, may learn to know
The power of grace upon the soul;
The storm may rise— the tempest blow—
My heaven-taught faith no change shall know
Aye steady to its pole.

The winds are hushed. the storm is o'er;
Light moves the ship on ocean's breast
Soon shall we reach the wished for shore;
When reach,— ay, when, to leave no more,
The port of endless rest?

No, a child at play with a watch
Is not here laughing at time, in thy sweet baby's glee?
Will he pause on his pinions to dicker with thee?
When thou hast him charmed, innocent eyes
And smile of bewilder'd, and beaming surprise—
Did him look on that chuck where thy rich hair reposes.
When dimples are playing "bo-peep" with the roses!
His winched brow press'd with thy light kisses & warm
And clasp his rough neck in thy soft weathering arm!
O little infant, is't possible sweetest
To ever give me for once to delay his gladness.
How thou wouldst keep the my beautiful child!
The blue eyes unclouded thy bloom unobscured,
With the innocence only to guard thee from ill.
In life's sunny dawning—a lily bud still
Laugh on, my own Elsie! His voice, which to me
Gives a warbling so solemn, makes music for thee!

24
No a child at play with a watch. ^{Contemner}
And while I at those scenes feel the idler's wrong,
How heartiest but the tick of the pretty gold top!
Time's smile is upon thee, my blessed, my own!
Long long may it be ere thou hast his power.
And oh, may his tread as he wanders with thee,
Light & soft as thine own little fairy steps be;
And still, through all seasons, in storms & fair weather,
May mine & thy Ellen be playmates together.
Mrs. J. T. Cogood

Lord hear the seaman's cry!
Awaked from gentlest midnight sleep
I hear the howling blast;
The chamber rocks the murmur duff
Of ocean rises fast.
The lurid flash, the thunder's roar,
Proclaim the tempest nigh,
And wavering lights are off our shore -
Lord, hear the seaman's cry

This hour, perhaps the sailor thinks
Of wife or mother far.
As, drenched & shivering, he shrinks
At some portentous bar.
The cresting foam betokens death;
The breaker's rage is nigh;
He prays, with quick, redoubled breath,
"Lord hear the seaman's cry."

Oh many a youth, now lost in sin,
And many a hoary sire;
Who never prayed, this night begin
To dread Almighty ire.
In headlong fury while the bark
Pierces the billows high.
Then learn to pray in anguish - hark -
"Lord hear the seaman's cry!"

Though sinking in the whelming flood,
In solitary woe,
Saviour! thy ever precious blood
Can reach thy hapless foe -
Over

Lord, hear the seaman's cry. Continued
 Catch the faint smothered voice of him
 Whose penitential sigh
 Rises amid the hero's grim:
 "Lord, hear the Seaman's cry!"

Pray for the sailor, ye who rest
 Upon your curtained bed;
 Draw to the Tower at whose behest
 The fearful storm hath sped.
 And when released from fear & care,
 Sweet hours of night glide by,
 Be sometimes this your fervent prayer—
 Lord, hear the seaman's cry!
 S. W. S.

Thou art remembered! Oh! my early friend!
 With such remembrance as I ought not to earth;
 But purely, fondly, doth thine image blend,
 With each bright hope that in my soul hath birth
 And visions of the past to greet me come,
 Forth from their wild and shadowy dwelling place
 We meet once more in our loved childhood's home.
 Again I see thy soft & placid face.

We smile through tears but they are tears of joy:
 Banished, is every trace of by-past sorrow,
 And in the sweet embrace find us alloy,
 Unthinking, heedless of a day to morrow
 This happy sketch! We are separated wide
 You different fates allotted—Oh be thine,
 Whatever thou mayest meet or prove beside,
 Happier, no, happier far, than hath been mine!

Adieu! I do commend thee unto One,
 Who stills the tempest, and who rules the wave,
 And, when our mortal course is run,
 Shall be the guardian to protect & save.

Ten rules to be observed in Practical life

- 1st Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day.
- 2^d Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
- 3^d Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4th Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
- 5th Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, (and cold).
- 6th We never repent of having eaten too little.
- 7th Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- 8th How much pains have those evils cost us which never happened - (when provided for, &c.)
- 9th Take things always by their smooth handle.
- 10th When angry, count ten before you speak - if very angry, count a hundred - *Thos. à Kempis.*

Infidelity. O, the late A. C. W. *Shakespeare*
 Thou who scornest truths divine,
 Say what joy, what hope is thine?
 Is thy soul from sorrow free?
 Is this world enough for thee?
 No; for care corrodes thy heart.
 Art thou willing to depart?
 No; thy nature bids thee shrink
 From the void abyss's brink.
 Thou mayst laugh, in broad sunshine;
 Goff, when sparkles red the wine;
 Thou must tremble, when deep night
 Shuts the pageants from thy sight.
 Morning comes, (and thou blasphemest;
 Yet another day thou deemest
 Thine; but soon its light will wane;
 Then thy warning comes again.
 There's a morrow with no night
 Broad and blazing, under light!
 Should its dawn thy dreams overtake,
 Better thou didst never wake.

Scripture References

Prove the Lord's Supper from - Luke 22. 14. to 20
 1st Corinthians 11th 20 to 34th

Bunker Hill, By A. B. Street
 The eve of a death-lest day
 Had gathered on the land, ^{the} sea
 And the clear moon cast her silver ray
 On banner, plume, & brand;

Ranks of the bold and free
 Were rallying thickly round,
 With the watchword, "Liberty!"

To drum and trumpet sound.
 The hunter left his deer wood hill,
 The hamlet's busy voice was still.
 The bark lay idly by the shore,
 The city hum above no more—
 And wild birds in the thickets sang
 Where late the woodsman's hatchet rung.
 All came to swell the patriot ranks—
 Men who, to man ne'er bow'd the knee;
 Like mountain torrents wild and free,
 Raced bursting from their track.

More brave. On your embattled heights
 What form stands towering in the air—
 Holding an eagle, broad and bright
 O'er the small band collected there?
 And whose that banner o'er her streaming
 In striped and starry playon gleaming?
 And whose that eagle at her side,
 "With arching neck and glance of pride?
 American! 'Tis Freedom's form!
 Do not thy life-blood kindle vain?
 And thine that standard waving high—
 And thine that eagle pluming by.
 With blast of trumpet and roll of drum,
 Fear, (and more near, thy foeman come!
 Think, sire! thy helpless children throw,
 Their arms for succour round thee now!
 Think, son! thy age-worn parents feel
 Their fireside hopes are on thy steel!
 And, most of all, oh, think that ye
 Defend a nation's liberty!

Have ye not seen along the sky,
 The tempest rear its sulph'ry crest. Up

Dunker Hill - By A. B. Stout Continued
Till. fold on fold, in blackest die,

It gathers round some mountain's breast?
Oh rush (and blend those sable palls,
Below a solemn stillness falls -
Till whizzing lightnings cut the air,
And bursting thunders rattle there.
What though beneath the splintering shock,
Topples the cliff (and rolls the rock -
What though before the rushing blast,
Tall pines, like weeds, to earth are cast,
And the strong rains the streamlets lash,
Till foaming torrents on thy dash,
Still firm, the mountain rears its form
And frowns defiance to the storm.
Thus came. thus rushed. the despot might,
And thus the free maintained the fight.

Smoke veils the view - but flash on flash,
And roar on roar, (and crash on crash,
And groan, (and shriek, (and shout (and yell,
The progress of the combat tell.
Tisfully through the lurid haze,
Shoots fire (and red the cannons blaze,
And glance, like sparks on a stream,
Glitter of sword (and bayonet gleam.
It lifts - wild scene of rushing files,
And dropping forms, (and thickening piles.
But on your earthen mounds, behold!
That starry flag is still unroll'd.
There side by side, the patriots stand,
The bulwark of their native land!

In struggling masses up the hill,
On the steep glacis, scorched (and smouldering,
Beneath the tottering ramparts, still
The eager hosts of England crowd.
Twice had they hurled, with warrior might,
On Freedom's ranks, the deadly fight,
And twice, upon their corpse strewn track,
By Freedom's sons been beaten back.
But see they rally now - the air
Gleams with the bayonets bristling there. over

72} Continued Bunker Hill By A. B. Spurr
Come! they come! Brave hearts! who stay'd
Th' ^{up} carried Torrent undismayed;
When fiercer in its flow,
By all the dearest ties of earth—
By all the holiest rights of birth,
Sink not beneath it now.

Once more! once more! ye tried and true!
Bear up for Freedom strives with you—
Your banner waves before your eye,
Your guardian eagle hovers nigh.
By every blow a right is freed,
On every effort glory's meed!
But Warren falls! but waver not—
Pour in your last, your deadliest shot.

Now, like a lion death-beset,
And drenched with blood, unconquered yet—
With bristling mane, and rolling eye—
He weak to rush— to proud to fly—
Scowling more grim, as hasten foes,
Growling more fierce, as thicker blows—
Bills, with a roar of deep despair,
He staggers feebly to his lair.
Grasp, grasp again, ye little band!
Each weapon with determined hand;
Though every limb is faint with toil,
And every vein has stained the soil,
With your clenched muskets strike once more!
One crushing blow!— 'Tis over!— 'Tis over!
And shouting as they slowly flee,
They leave the humbled King, his useless victory
N. York Mirror

and have. — A shopkeeper the other day
struck upon his door the following laconic adver-
tisement: "A Boy Wanted." The next morning,
on opening the store, he found a little archer
in a basket, with the following label. "Here he is."
New York Mirror

73

Repartee. A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes - one being black, the other light hazel - "It is lucky for you," says his friend "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Short (and Sweet) - "I can't speak in publick; never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night, who had been called upon to hold forth in a publick meeting; "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat."

How to commit murder quietly - Tell a young lady, she has a small (and beautifull) foot. She will then wear small, thin shoes - go out in the wet - catch a cold - the cold will become a fever - and she will die in a month - Good -

Sea Sickness - He that cannot eat any thing, dressed in any way, at any time, out of any thing, and in the sight of any dirt, (and under the effect of any smell, the sound of any discord, (and the feeling of any motion, should not go to sea - That is a fact -

Perfumes - Ladies may use any perfumes they like; but men should use none at all. Buffon tells a story of a courtier, who was sitting, very contemplatively, in one of the arbours, near the Petit Chateau, (and was by mistake shot for a civet-cat -

Mischief - A tattling, drossy young lady, on the wrong side of forty, is always mischievous; cut her by all means -

Danger to young men - A charming little black-eyed widow, with a large family, is the most dangerous person, all young men can meet with avoid her - penury and suites - Bah me no save

945
A snuffy old lady - We once heard
of an old lady who used such large quantities
of snuff, that whenever she shook her hand-
kerchief out of the window on a windy day, it
set the whole neighbourhood sneezing.

A question for jurists. A western editor
wants to know whether the law against the carry-
ing concealed weapons, will apply to Doctors
who carry their pills in their pockets -

Things I like to see
I like to see a young man wear his old coat, until
he can afford to buy a new one.

I like to see Economy without meanness; - if
you are invited to ride with a friend, 'tis as little
as you can do to pay the toll.

I like to see a young man attend to his bus-
-iness first, (and pleasure afterwards).

I like a good reputation; it is good cap-
-ital in any business.

I like sincerity; the genuine article, not
the counterfeit of hypocrisy. - The King -

"Take Warning" - People take snuff, colds,
winds, steps. Sea, wives, offence, hints, frights, (and
medical advice; - but they cannot - they will not take
warning - (and for consequence, they get hanged,
dunked, drowned, shot, horsewhipped, and ridiculed;
they are thrown out of the window, off coaches, kicked
upside an kicked down. While as the squire adulterous
cavorts, duels, murders, (and black eyes ensue.

"Sign of the Times" Rowland Hill said he did
know of but one infallible true sign of the time
of the commencement of the Millennium - which was
"When you see or hear of a Jew (and an Arab, a Hindoo
and a Chinese, an Episcopalian (and a Presbyterian,
a Baptist (and a Congregationalist, a Lutheran (and a Methodist
a Quaker (and a Baptist, all united with one soul at a prayer
meeting, then Satan will run away (and the Angel will seize him in his
flight (and cast him down into the bottomless pit (and shut him
up for 1000 years

The American Boy

"Father, look up, and see that flag.
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes - they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies"

It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
Our ocean's wave - in foreign clime,
A symbol of our might.

"Father - what fearful noise is that
Like thundering in the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"
It is the voice of Cannons,
The glad shouts of the free,
This is a day to memory dear -
His Freedom's Jubilee.

"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my Cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest -
But, Father, why don't you?"
I'm getting old (and weak) but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this -
Shout joy aloud, my boy.

Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!
Well done, my boy - grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
Is Paradise on earth -

Boston Morning Post

A Question. If an irresistible body, strike an
immovable body, what will be the consequence?

Whales, Whaling, and Whalers

There are many kinds of whales, that are not sought after; of those that are not of such classes as whalers take I do not know much, except their names (and general ^{outline of their} shape). There are however some kinds which I intend to describe - or rather give a more sketch of with some of their habits - firstly the

Sperm Whale is of the most importance to whalers because the oil obtained from this species of whales is much more valuable than any other. The male or bull whales are the largest (among the sperm whales) the females or cows seldom making more than 30 bbls of oil barrels ~~about~~ the bulls making from thirty as high as one hundred & thirty barrels. with regard to their size they may be divided into three general classes, the first is Cows (and Calves; these go in large schools together, generally accompanied by one or two bulls; the second is fifty barrel bulls; these are generally found in numbers together but not so numerous as cows (and calves, the third is called by us large whales, and includes all whales which make fifty barrels (and over; these are generally found alone or in companies of two or three.

Among the first class may be found whales all sizes from 12 feet to forty feet long, (and from three feet to eight feet in diameter (and from eight to twenty feet in circumference - among the second size the average length is probably forty five feet - diameter about eight feet (and circumference twenty eight feet. The third class of whales will be found from sixty to ninety feet long - their diameter is from ten to thirteen feet, (and their circumference from thirty five to forty five feet. In the ~~body of the~~ sperm whale the head forms a very considerable part, yielding sometimes more than one third of the oil produced by the whole whale; it is from the case, which is in the head that the pure spermaceti is baled in large quantities - sometimes fifteen and very large whales will yield eighteen barrels of sperm; besides this; the junk forms the head; this is boiled like the body but is kept with the case (and is of the same quality - with the case (and junk are guarded by

Whales, Whaling. and Whalmen
a substance called head skin, which is very hard, (and
is almost impervious to a harpoon, and thus their head
is rendered very formidable in their defence against
their pursuers. Their principle defence is made with
their jaws, and flukes - the jaws is underneath the
head, and they roll over either on one side or on their
back to use it - it is from four to eighteen feet
long, and furnished with a row of teeth on each
side which are of the nature of ivory (and from four inches
to ten inches in length, and from one to two inches in
diameter. Their flukes, or tail is also very dangerous
to their enemies; they are formed of a hard substance
in breadth from five feet to twenty feet (and in
length from three feet to eight feet.

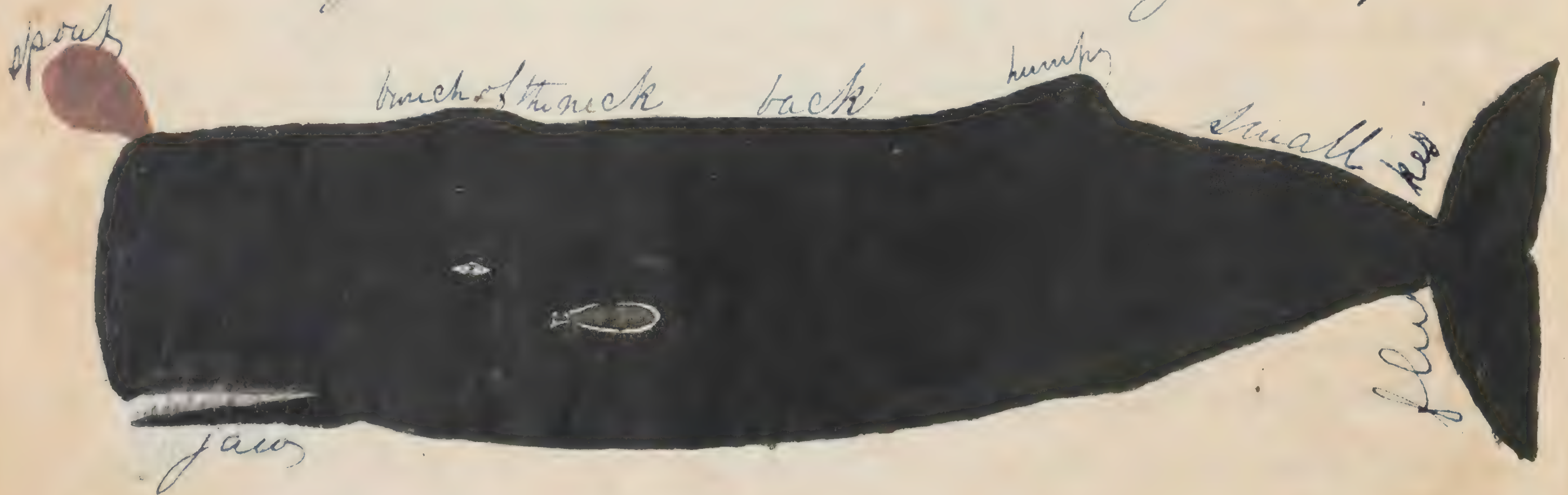
The food upon which this species of whales feed
is called "Squid". (Dure. so that its name) This forms
the most of their subsistence, but they also eat
fish which they decoy to them in the following
curious manner. As they are so very large that
necessarily their motions cannot be made quickly
enough to catch smaller fish, they remedy this
inconvenience by descending to a certain depth un-
der water where they lay perfectly still with their
jaws wide open, the teeth being very white (at that
distance under water) shine brilliantly, which at-
tracts the attention of such small fish as are in
sight, and they collect in considerable numbers in
his mouth; he then closes his jaws quickly and re-
tains them all. he then swallows them and thus
furnishes himself with food very easily.

Unlike the Right Whale they bring forth their young
(and rear them at sea. The general idea of
the great affection which the cow has for her calf
is rather exaggerated if my experience be correct - for
I have seen the cow leave her calf frequently - but
in some cases she shows great regard for her young
and will rather stay (and be killed than leave it,

To strike a sperm whale the whalmen
endeavors to place his boat directly astern of
him or if that is not practicable he gets right
ahead. which is rather more dangerous to the
boat and boats crew than the other - but by all

Whales. Whaling and Whalers, continua means. The boat must not be brought abreast of him or he is almost sure to see her (and will avoid being struck by going down or will go so fast as to prevent the boat from overtaking him)

Small whales generally remain under water from ~~about~~ twenty minutes to half an hour - but large whales will stay down from forty five minutes to one hour (and a half) before they come to the surface to spout. The idea that whale spout water is erroneous - it being a kind of vapour or fog (and will not dampen anything faster than the breath of men or horses) - After the whale is mortally wounded he will throw blood from his spout hole in large quantities - finally a sperm whale is a species alone; no other kind seeming to be of his form or nature - for he is not only of a different shape from all other whales (and worth more than any other whales) but the sailors say that "they know a d - n sight more than others" (and I think there is some truth in the expression for I have seen them avoid several boats for hours together - always coming up when there was no boat (and going down again just before one could get to them) - The following cut represents ^{one}



The spout hole is a little on the starboard side of the head and his spout is thrown a little ahead and not directly up in the air.

The flukes run parallel with the surface of the water - (and not perpendicularly like fish which do not spout).

Whales. Whaling and Whalers, Continued 89

Next in importance to the sperm whale, is the Right Whale. This species differ very materially from the sperm in form and habits - They are not so long as the sperm whales, but larger round and make more oil - the blubber being thicker and fatter - They have two spout holes, and they are directly on the top of the head; The sperm whale has but one and that is on ~~the~~ ^{one} side - Their head does not yield so much oil as the sperm whale's but whale bone is taken from it - which is very much in use among manufacturers for the frames of ^{the} Umbrellas. Right Whales are very ^{often} found in soundings - around islands (and in bays, but sperm whales are seldom found in shoal water - they go into bays to bring forth their young - but sperm whales do not. Their food is principally what sailors call "Brits" - (I dare be that the name?) and a small kind of fish, called shrimp - The cows are the largest generally although there is not so much difference in their size as there is in sperm whales - A right whale that will make sixty barrels will generally be about forty feet long and nearly the same in circumference.

There are several enemies to the right whale in his own element - the principal of which is called the killer - they attach themselves to the whale's spout holes when they come to the surface to spout and thus drown them in a short time and then they eat the tongue only and leave the rest of the body a prey to sharks - This species of whales is very numerous and as they have regular seasons for certain latitudes ships procure cargoes of oil much more expeditiously than they can of sperm oil, thus making the voyage in a much shorter period of time.

The only weapons of defence that a Right Whale is furnished with are his flukes and fins - with these however he is very expert and is perhaps as dangerous as the sperm whale, although he cannot use his head to fight with. There is no jaw to his head - like the sperm whales but lips that open similar to a door on hinges, one on each side - they close against the upper part of the head (and the inside is filled with slabs of bone which set

Whales Whaling and Whalers continued in the head like but in the same - and a very large tongue which is very fat and sufficiently large sometimes to make ten barrels of oil.

Besides the Sperm (and Right Whales. There is no species that is much sought after by Whalers - except Humpbacks. These are a class that seem to be half Right whale (and half Sperm they have the head of a Right whale while their back has the hump of a sperm whale.

There is also a species called Finbacks - which are something like humpbacks - but have only a small fin on the back - whalers do not try to get them as they almost always sink when killed - the day will come probably when they will also be taken by some Yankee contrivance.

The Sulphur Bottom is very much like a Finback but the fin is much smaller (and some further aft on his back, they grow to a great size. They are not very numerous.

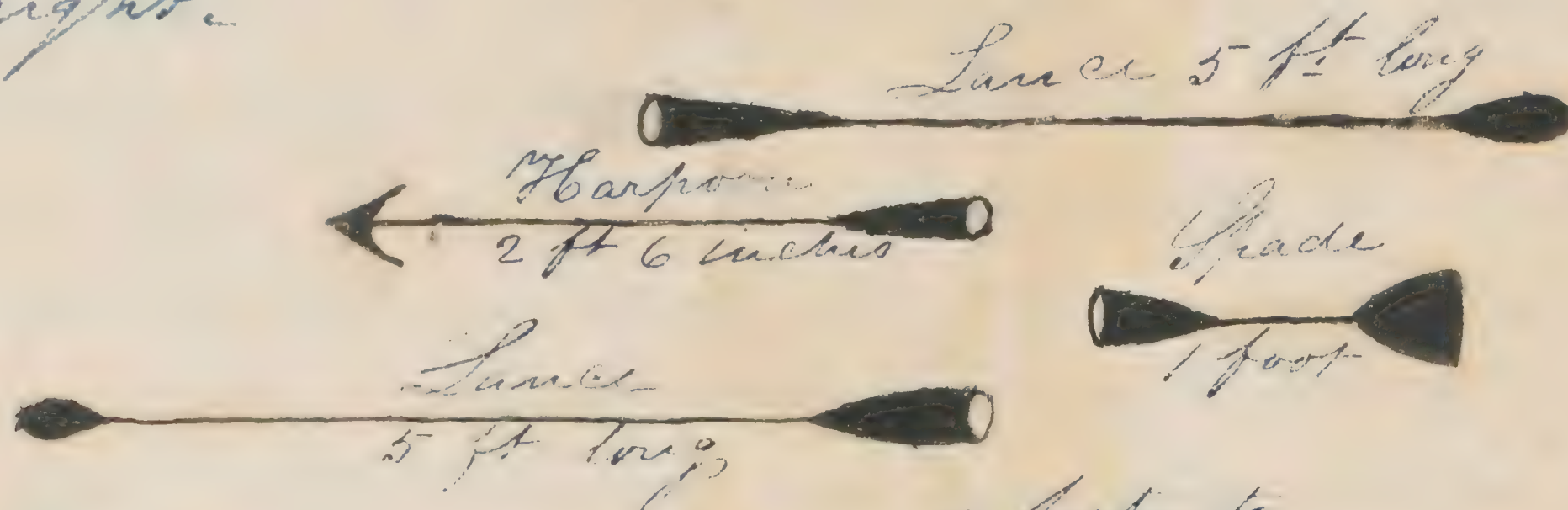
Besides those whale named there several kinds of "Spouting fish" that are do not form whales as they are much smaller - viz Grampus - Black Fish - Killers - Porpoises - and what was probably taken for Mermen in ancient times - Calf Fish - the female of Black Fish.

There are two kinds of Grampuses - viz the Blunt nose (and the pointed nosed Grampus they make a spout which very much resembles the spout of a sperm whale - but I have never seen one taken - Black fish are caught very frequently by us - they are in some respects like the sperm whale - Porpoises are a small water fish from eighteen inches to three feet (and a half long (and are caught principally for their flesh which is very good - (and is of more consequence to whalers than other in consequence of their being so long without fresh provisions.

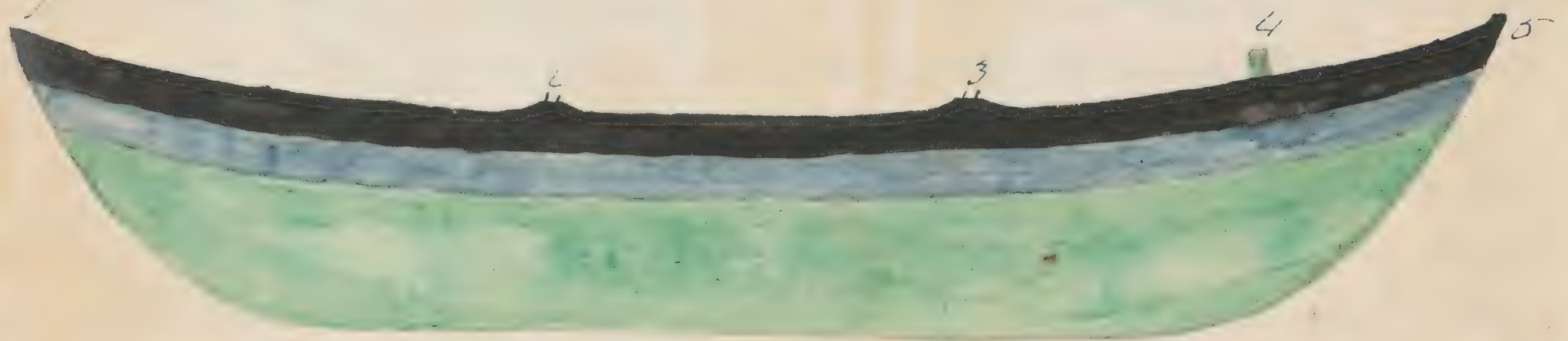
Next I shall notice the utensils for capturing (and the whales (and preparing the oil for the market.

Whales Whaling and Whalers continued
 The first thing to be obtained for Whaling are
 good ships of the light class - generally about three-
 hundred tons burthen - and well furnished with
 sails and rigging for the voyage and they must or at
 least ought to be good sailors - good seaboats - and
 tight. The next thing is boats; generally seven in
 number - whale boats are built different from any
 other kind of boats for ships use. They are about
 thirty feet long - sharp both at the head and stem
 and built of the lightest materials - they are pulled
 by five oars - and steered by another - they have no
 width or depth of keel to make them sail well
 on the wind - they are flat amidships consequently
 do not draw but very little water - and pull re-
 markably fast - they are about five feet wide and
 three and a half feet deep - three of the oars used
 to pull the boat are pulled on the starboard side
 the other two and the steering oar on the larboard
 side - the steering oar is generally twenty two
 feet in length - the other two oars on that side
 are seventeen feet - the after and harpoon
 oars are about sixteen feet and the midships
 oar is about eighteen feet - they also carry
 a sprit sail which is used when going
 free - they can be propelled ahead or astern
 with ease being sharp - and are easily kept head
 in any direction when not going ahead by the steering
 oar - The line used for whaling is made
 of hemp, manilla and cotton - (the last kind
 is not much in use) and is the best kind of
 rigging - about one inch in diameter - there
 is about two hundred and fifty fathoms in each
 boat (sometimes more) - the end is made fast to
 the harpoon which is darted into the whale - from
 the head of the boat - the tub of line stands in
 nearly the middle of the boat and the line leads
 from the tub to a loggerhead which is in the
 stern and thence forward through the head
 over some lead prepared for the purpose -
 then by holding on to the line at the loggerhead
 the boat is brought to bear a portion of the
 strain aft as well as forward

Whale Whaling and Whalmen Contained
besides the line, there are six harpoons, three
lances - one spade - a hatchet - knife. &c &c
There is also a lantern with candles and an
apparatus for striking fire to use as a signal
for the ship to start for should the boats be off
in the night.



The harpoon is used to strike the whale with
The lance is used to kill them with ^{or fasten to,}
The spade is used to cut the blubber with



1. The bows - 2. The Bullock for the bow oar, 3. The Bullock
for the stern oar - 4. The Loggerhead - 5. The Stern

Whales Whaling and Whalers Continued

In a whaliship may be found men of all classes from the lowest to the very first circle in society. The whaling business is in fact a general receptacle for every kind of adventurers on the ocean - the ships very frequently go to sea with men in them who have been educated in the first institutions in the country. (and been in extensive and respectable business on shore, but have been reduced in their circumstances by intemperance, or met with some misfortune (and in a fit of despondency - have entered on board of a whaling voyage with no specific object in view but a vague idea of a something which they do not understand is continually before them - and they are kept along in a kind of delusion until the ship sails (and then when the vast ocean separates them from their friends - they arouse themselves to the recollection of what and where they are (and what (and where they might have been - They find themselves on board of a Cape Horn whalman (and unless they run into disgrace by having the ship they have got to spend three or four years of the prime of their life in a business which they do not understand, and from which they will not receive any thing commensurate to the time spent - unless they come to the conclusion to continue in the business (and become whalmen and many have resolved on this alternative and are now men of wealth and standing in society.

This business is much more lucrative than is the merchant service for the mariners and there is a much better chance for promotion to office if the candidate be a smart (and temperate man.

There are men in whalships who are of the most wicked - low & degraded families in the country and are for consequence uninformal and disagreeable - and in many cases exhorbitantly intemperate, and licentious but taken as a body whalmen are the most respectable class of seamen with which I am acquainted.

On board of the Whalship *Bryanna* Rush
of Warren R.I. Lat 3. deg N. Long West
Dean C Wright
God send us whales. D Wright

A Woman's Word

My plume is in the dust - my casque is broken -
 The helm is shattered & so proudly worn -
 My armor's soiled - (and ah, no happy token,
 Like silken scarf on arm of Troubadour,
 Facets me now to acts of high enterprise,

Or prompts of love the soul inspiring song;
 Neglected now, my harp in silence lies,

Save when the rude wind sweeps its chords along.

Give me a staff - a pilgrim's homely woads -

I'll find me some wild cell of solitude

Deep in the recess of an ancient wood,

Where I can meditate man's faithful deeds,

Etched with an iron pen on rocks record -

He parts with peace, who trusts a woman's word

Park Benjamin

A Boatsturner - of all the births that
 there is on board of a whaleship, that of a boatsturner
 is the most disagreeable (and thankless, to give good
 satisfaction to all hands is perfectly impossible
 and to please anybody requires as much talents as
 Daniel Webster possesses. A man who has been one
 voyage in the whaling business (and then will ship
 again to do a boatsturner's duty must be either mad,
 or drunk, or else a fool or a saint. The shipping agent
 I know will say to a poor devil that he is trying
 to gull "why you will live in the cabin, (and have
 a better lay, (and be more respected, (and have less
 to do, (and be allowed more privileges, than a foremast
 hand" now I happen to know that with the excep-
 -tion of living in the Cabin, (and having a little better
 lay - all the rest is a lie as black as could be told
 by Tom Papper - for he is not respected at all -
 - he has more work to do than all hands besides -
 - and he has no privileges whatever but to bear the
 blame for every thing which may go wrong in the
 ship - if the Capt finds a smoothing plane
 dull he immediately says that a boatsturner has
 been planing his Broad pole (and dulled it - if
 there is two quarts of tobacco juice found a spit
 on deck in the waist, it is laid directly to the
 poor boatsturner. Though he could not get there

Boatsteward's Duty

to save himself - because the Officers take all the room - In one word a man to do the duty belonging to a boatsteward - ought to be a sailor, a whaler, a mechanic, a saint, a bully, a man of no kind of feeling whatever, (and very little sense - he ought to be a man who can be spoken to in any tone of voice and called by any epithet, and still give a fawning sycophantic answer - one who is built of steel and hung on spring steel, and cannot fear and does not require any sleep or bodily rest of any kind - one who can content himself without any place which he can call his own, or where he is not liable to be crowded out - and he ought to be a man who can be an officer and still be a star - one who can walk to the leeward, and not be offended at having any one spit in his face, and have all "sodgers" at him - and what is still harder one who can show himself worthy of confidence in all cases and not have any placed in himself be contented to be called a good man, and used like a dog, and all this for the sake of advancement of which he is not at all sure - when it is done - A Boatsteward is placed between two fires - being neither man nor officer - yet required to do both, he is beneath the officers, and not above the men - he has to obey every body and be obeyed by nobody - give no ungentlemanly language to any person but take it from every person - look cross at none - but be frowned on by all - John C. Calhoun can conform to all parties in politics, and twist his principles into as many shapes as an eel in a pan of hot oil - but he could not please as a boatsteward on board of a R. Island whaler - Davy Crockett could whip his weight in wild cats, and jump over the rocky mountains but he could not do this duty to satisfaction - and the Devil can do anything but become a Christian, and and satisfactorily perform a Boatsteward's duty in a Warren whaler.

Dean C Wright

June 16th 1842, Lat 2. 30 N. Long 89-46 West

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Blest be the man, and blest is he, whome'er,
Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear,
A little field, a little garden, feeds;
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;
The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows
All he can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of business and of state,
He sees, nor doth the sight disturb his rest,
By fools desired, by wicked men possess.

— Ah wretched, and too solitary, he
Who loves not his own company;
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away. — Cowley

How to be free — by Cowley — from Martial
Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish you say;
Come on; I'll show thee, friend, the certain way;
If to us feasts abroad thou lovest to go,
While bounteous God doth bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
By thy own use, and not by others eyes;
If only safe from weather thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou without a sigh or golden wish
Canst look upon thy becken bowl, or dish;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian King's a slave, compar'd to thee.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster, London, laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but the wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so;

Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow;
A solitude almost.

Musings. By Amelia - Louisville Ky
 I wandered out the summer night -
 'Twas when my years were few:
 The breeze was singing in the light
 And I was singing too.
 The moonbeams lay upon the hill
 The shadows in the vale,
 And here and there a leaping rill
 Was laughing at the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
 Was all that met my eyes;
 It floated like an angel there
 Between me and the skies.
 I clasped my hands and warbled wild
 Its hymn and there I flew,
 For I was but a careless child,
 And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea
 In bright and glittering bands:
 Like little children wild with glee,
 They linked their dimpled hands.
 They linked their hands but ere I caught
 Their mingled drops of dew,
 They kissed my feet as quick as thought
 Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
 As lightly and as free;
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand in the sea,
 For every wave with dimpled chuck
 That leaped upon the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace
 And held it trembling there

The young moon too, with upturned sides,
 Her mirrored beauty gave;
 And as a bark at anchor rides,
 She rode upon the wave.
 The sea was like the heaven above,
 As perfect and as whole

Musings By Amelia Louisville. Ky. Continued
 Gave that it seemed to thrill with love
 to thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,
 Made murmurs on the air—
 Low murmurs, that thy spirit heard
 And answer'd with a prayer;
 For 'twas upon the dewy sod,
 Beside the moaning seas,
 I learn'd at first to worship God,
 And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
 Were bow'd in slumber free,
 By breezy hills and murmuring streams;
 Whence they chanced to be,
 No guilty fears had they to wup,
 No sins to be forgiven;
 They closed their eyes (and went to sleep,
 Right in the face of Heaven.

No costly raiment round them shone,
 No jewels from the seas,
 Yet Solomon upon his throne
 Was never array'd like these:
 And just as free from guilt and art,
 Were lovely human flowers,
 Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart
 On this fair world of ours

I have heard the laughing wind behind,
 A playing with my hair—
 The breezy fingers of the wind,
 How cool and moist they were!
 I heard the nightbird warbling o'er
 Its soft enchanting strain—
 I never heard such sounds before
 And never shall again.

Then whosoever wears such strains as these,
 And sing them day by day
 When every bird upon the boughs
 Over

Musings By Amelia. Louisville Ky Continued
 Can sing a sweeter lay?
 I'd give the world for their sweet art.
 The simple, the divine;
 I'd give the world to melt one heart,
 As they have melted mine.

Kentucky Eloquence

The following powerfull, elegant and classic appeal, was made in a court of justice somewhere in Kentucky, by one of the learned heads of the bar:-

Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, who lives in the pleasant Valley of Kentucky, where the land is rich, (and the soil are fertile) would be guilty of stealing, cleaving little streams of cotton? I think not. I reason not I calculate not. And I am sure, gentlemen of the jury, that you had better bring in my client not guilty; for if you convict him, he (and his son John) will lick the whole of you. *A York Mirror*

Eternity - "One night says

"Saurin" passed in a burning fever, or in struggling in the waves of the sea, between life and death, appears of immense length; it seems as if he suffered as if the sun had forgot its course, and as if the laws of nature itself were subverted.

What then must be Eternity? where after you enter it for ages, and ages, to the extent of human calculation - the end is no more than at the first setting out - It is like a circle to which there is no end - It is like God himself who had no beginning (and never will have an ending) - It is like Eternity -

What must be the feelings of those who are condemned to pass it in woe, in despair? after having suffered "millions and millions" of ages they may say "all this is not a snail to the great - oh - Alas we must review through these enormous periods - again we must pass

Eternity

"suffer a privation of celestial happiness -
 robes again - cruel remorse again -
 crimes and blasphemies over and over again for
 ever for ever!" Then the poor wretch will
 understand eternity's meaning - then will he
 experience the awful tortures of the second
 death - then will he know the meaning of
 hell - O wretched state of deep dark never
 ending punishment - to be condemned to pass
 ages in the company of devils (and damned
 spirits - to curse God and blaspheme his
 holy name - (and never never never know one
 moment's ease - one moment's cessation from
 the most excruciating torture (and continually
 to reflect that "The harvest is past, the
 summer is ended, and I am not saved"

O that my name may be found written
 in the book of life that I may not be cast
 into the lake of fire - God have mercy on me
 1 Cor 15th chap 52nd Also as follows & write in
 Matthew 25 chap 31st to 46th Mark 3rd chap
 29th Ecclesiastes 12th chap 13th & 14th verses
 St John 5 chap 28 & 29 - Acts 17th 31st -
 Romans 2nd 6th to 16th - Isaiah 40th 29th - Heb 7th 25th - 1st John 6th 37th
 John 1st 27th Luke 15th 10th John 5th 27th - 2nd Cor 5th 10th - Matt 11th 28th & 29th
 Matt 10th 32nd 33rd Rom 11th 12th Prov 16th 32nd - Psalms 117th 9th - Rom 8th 13th
 Lam 3 40th - Psalms 33rd 17th - 2nd Ps 37 3rd 4th 5th 8th 23rd 24th 25th 27th 31st 37th 39th 40th
 Ps 34th 18-17 & 22 - Ps 103 - 8-11-13-17 - Is 105 - 2-3-4-5 - Ps 117 - 22 to 26 -
 Ps 117 - 2-9-67-71-135 - Ps 125 - 1 - Ps 126 - 3-5-6 - Ps 137 - 1 to 18th verse
 Ps 150 - 1 to 6th

Rules for working in Fractions

1st To change an Improper Fraction to a Whole or Mixed Number. Rule Divide the Numerator by the Denominator. Example 1st Reduce $\frac{38}{9}$ to a mixed number. $\frac{38}{9}$ - the Numerator $38 \div 9 = 4 \frac{2}{9}$ Example 2nd Reduce $\frac{1728}{12}$ to a whole number $\frac{1728}{12}$ - the Numerator $1728 \div 12$ the denominator is 1111 And

2nd To reduce a Whole or Mixed Number to a Improper Fraction. Rule Multiply the whole number by the Denominator of the fraction, and add the numerator to the product, for a new numerator, and place it over the denominator. Example 1st Reduce $5 \frac{3}{8}$ to an

Improper Fraction $5 \frac{3}{8}$ Explained $5 \times 8 + 3 = 43$ Ans

Example 2nd Reduce $12 \frac{2}{3}$ to an improper Fraction

Operation $\frac{12 \frac{2}{3}}{\frac{38}{3}}$ Explained $12 \times 3 + 2 = 38$ Ans -

3rd To reduce a fraction to its lowest terms. Rule

Divide both the terms of the fraction by any number that will divide them without a remainder and the quotient again in the same manner - untill there is no number greater than one that will divide both the terms without a remainder. Example 1st

Reduce $\frac{22}{84}$ to its lowest terms $\frac{22}{84} \div \frac{2}{2} = \frac{11}{42}$ Ans Explained

$\frac{22}{84} \div 6 = \frac{11}{14} \div 2 = \frac{11}{7}$ Ans Example 2nd Reduce $\frac{324}{648}$ to its lowest terms

Operation $\frac{324}{648} \div \frac{2}{2} = \frac{162}{324} \div \frac{2}{2} = \frac{81}{162} \div \frac{81}{81} = \frac{1}{2}$ Ans Explained $\frac{324}{648} \div 2 = \frac{162}{324} \div 2 = \frac{81}{162} \div 81 = \frac{1}{2}$ Ans

4th To multiply a Fraction by a Whole Number.

Rule - Multiply the numerator by the Whole Number, without changing its denominator, Or Divide the Denominator by the whole number, when it can be done without a remainder.

Example - How much is $\frac{3}{5} \times 30$?

Operation $\frac{30}{5}$ Explained $3 \times 30 = 90$ - which is the new numerator $\frac{90}{5}$ and placed over the denominator gives the answer $\frac{90}{5} = 18$

Example 2nd How much is $\frac{5}{12} \times 60$ - Operation $\frac{60}{12} = \frac{5}{2} = 2 \frac{1}{2}$ Explained 120 (the denominator) $\div 60$ (the whole number) $= \frac{2}{1} = 2$ and

Example 3rd How much is $2 \frac{1}{8} \times 7$. Operation $2 \frac{1}{8} = \frac{17}{8} \times 7 = \frac{156}{8} = 19 \frac{4}{8}$ Answer

Rules for Working Fractions. Continued.

5th To Divide a Fraction by a Whole Number.

Rule - Divide the numerator by the Whole Number, and write the denominator under the Quotient. Or if the numerator cannot be divided thus - Multiply the denominator by the whole number, and write the result under the numerator.

Example 1st Divide $\frac{6}{8}$ by 8. Operation $\frac{6}{8} \div 8 = \frac{6}{64} = \frac{3}{32}$ Ans

Explained 8 (the denominator) $\times 8 = 64$ - which is a new denominator - that is $\frac{6}{64} = \frac{3}{32}$ Ans

Example 2^d Divide $\frac{16}{250}$ by 4. Operation $\frac{16}{250} \div 4 = \frac{2}{125}$ Ans

Note - Should a mixed number occur, reduce it to an Improper Fraction and divide as before -

Example Divide $6\frac{3}{4}$ by 5 - Explained $6\frac{3}{4} = \frac{27}{4} \div 5 = \frac{27}{20} = 1\frac{7}{20}$ Ans

6th To Multiply one Fraction by another

Rule - Multiply the numerators together for a new numerator; and the denominators together for a new denominator

Note If the fraction be a mixed number reduce it to an improper fraction; then proceed as before

Example 1st How much is $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{3}{50}$ } Explained $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{3}{50} = \frac{6}{150}$

$\frac{1}{25}$ Ans Example 2^d Multiply $\frac{3}{8}$ of $\frac{5}{7}$ by $\frac{2}{7}$

Explained $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{5}{7} = \frac{15}{56} \times \frac{2}{7} = \frac{30}{392}$ Answer

Example 3^d Multiply $\frac{2}{4}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$ by $\frac{4}{9}$. Ans $\frac{2}{4} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{4}{12} \times \frac{4}{9} = \frac{16}{108}$

$= \frac{2}{13.5}$ Note. Compound Fractions are known by the word of being placed with them as $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{2}{7}$ of $\frac{6}{10}$ of $\frac{4}{5} = \frac{96}{400} = \frac{6}{25}$

7th To reduce Fractions of different Denominators to a Common Denominator.

Rule - Multiply each Denominator by all the other Denominators, for a new Denominator. And then multiply each Numerator by the same numbers that its Denominator is multiplied by for a new Numerator

Example 1st Reduce $\frac{3}{4}$ & $\frac{7}{8}$ to a Common denominator

Operation $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{2}{2} = \frac{6}{8}$ Explained $\frac{24}{32} - \frac{28}{32}$

Multiply the Denominators thus $4 \times 8 = 32$ & $8 \times 4 = 32$

32 then is the Common Denominator - then I multiply

8 by 3 thus $8 \times 3 = 24$ & then $7 \times 4 = 28$ 24 & 28

then are the new Numerators and written thus $\frac{24}{32} + \frac{28}{32}$ Ans

Example 2^d Reduce $\frac{4}{5}$ & $\frac{2}{3}$ to a common Denominator

$5 \times 3 = 15$ - the denominator $4 \times 3 = 12$ & $5 \times 2 = 10$ the new Numerators

and written thus $\frac{12}{15} + \frac{10}{15}$

Rule for Working in Fractions Continued
(Case 2^d Continued) Note Compound Fractions must
be reduced to simple Fractions before proceeding - then
reduce as before. Example Reduce $2\frac{1}{2}$ & $\frac{5}{7}$ to
a common Denominator. Operation $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{7}{7} = \frac{7}{14}$ the
sum then stands $\frac{7}{14}$ & $\frac{5}{7}$ then $6 \times 7 = 42$ & $7 \times 6 = 42$
42 then is the Denominator then $5 \times 6 = 30$ & $2 \times 7 = 14$ then
 $\frac{14}{42} + \frac{30}{42}$ is the answer

Note - The fractional parts of mixed numbers
may first be reduced to a common Denominator &
then annexed to the whole numbers - Example - Reduce
 $14\frac{1}{2}$ & $\frac{5}{6}$ to a common Denominator - Operation $4 \times 6 = 24$
& $6 \times 4 = 24$ which is the Denominator then $5 \times 4 = 20$ and
 $6 \times 3 = 18$ and the answer is written $\frac{20}{24} \frac{18}{24}$

Genders - How many genders are there? Can you
tell me Miss Lucy - "Three, sir." promptly said little blue eyes.
"What are they called?" "Masculine, Feminine and Neuter."
"Give me an example of each" Why you are Masculine,
because you are a man; and I am feminine, because I am
a girl and - I - I don't know certain but I reckon Mr Perkins
is neuter, as he is an old Bachelor.

Or You are masculine because you are a man; and I
am feminine because I am a girl and I don't know certain
but I reckon Miss - is neuter as she is an Old Maid.

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An Extract - Oh yes there is hope
for the vilest prodigal who has not yet forgotten
his father's counsels (and his mother's prayers - He
may be a thief, a robber, a murderer; he may be
a wild, lawless, reckless rover of the seas; his hand
against every man, and every man's hand against
him; sailing under the black flag of piracy, he
may riot like an incarnate devil, in scenes at which
vital the world turns pale; he may strew the
decks of his prize with the mangled corpses of
his victims, (and dance in their warm blood; or
sate his foul lust on innocence (and beauty that
have fallen into a pirate's power! He may be all
this; but if that monster (he is no man) when the
day's work of butchery is over, (and he slings himself
in his hammock to find repose, then feels the
thoughts of home stealing over him; (and the memory
of a devoted mother who prayed for him in his
infancy call a tear unbidden to his eye, "I cannot
to weep," there is hope even for him - He is not
altogether lost. He is a wanderer on the broad ocean
tossed by the tempests of heaven, (and driven by worse
fierce tempests in his own soul; but that thought
of a mother's prayer (and a mother's love, may cause
a ray of hope to shine - that it will prove a polar
star to guide him back to virtue, home & God.

Parents! your power is next to Omnipotent,
over the children God has given you. The cords
you fasten on their hearts, are the strongest
that human power can furnish to hold them
back from ruin. Make home sweet to your
child. Throw around his heart a thousand kin-
-der associations that will bind him, as with an
iron chain, to the home of his childhood, to the
parents that nurtured (and sheltered him - (and wept
(and prayed for him before he knew the meaning
of prayers & tears, Impress on his heart your tenderness
your deep interest in his everlasting soul - and when he
breaks away from your arms, and runs on in the ways of
sin & death, it may be - yes it may be, that he who
would trample on a saviour's blood, & despise the grace and
laws of God & reject his love, may pause before he crushes be-
neath his feet his mother's heart.

Thoughts &c - I am led by circumstances to reflect how necessary & very important it is for me to be watchful in all I say or do - if I would enjoy the religion of Jesus Christ - having been very much addicted to the habit of "foolish talking, (and) jesting" - I now find it hard to avoid the indulgence of it - (and) do too frequently engage in it to the great injury of my enjoyment (and) the loss of confidence in my evidence of a change of heart - this might be avoided by a more strict watch joined with prayer to God for his assistance. again.

I have this day given way to the temptations of the enemy of my soul & the consequence is almost total loss of all pleasure in the things which I desire to love & a certain kind of indifference to religious subjects which is truly unpleasant to me - My desire (and) prayer is that in due time I may be enabled again to give in my saviour's love (and) never again to yield to the temptations with which I may be called to encounter.

I do pray God to enable me to "be strong in the Lord, (and) in the power of his might." and that I may "stand therefore, having my loins girt about with truth, (and) having on the breastplate of righteousness; And my feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith I shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" Eph 6th Chap 10. 14. 15. 16. or also read Luke 15 Chap 11th Verse to the end of the Chapter - Sept 1842 D. C. Wright

Oct 2nd 1842 - This is the Sabbath day (and) I can now realise how great the privilege it which Christians have in shore of attending the sanctuary for the purpose of worship - and although I am far away from home - (and) am denied the privilege of attending a public meeting yet I do know that the same God is here ~~there~~ as there and he is just as ready to bless his children who ask in faith here as he is there - It is a source of bitter repentance to me that I have not improved the many opportunities which I have enjoyed - but that I neglected my soul's best interest so long - Yet I do also feel grateful

to God for not cutting me off in my sins and send-
 -ing me where I should be unknown! O how great is
 the goodness of God to me - I was blessed with the
 best of friends - a pious mother - & which advice
 I rejected - and laughed at their prayers (and tears - and
 yet God's love was so great to me that he lengthened
 out my probation untill now! O if I do but con-
 tinue faithful and true saved I think sometimes
 it will be almost equal to the conversion of Saul
 of Tarsus O God make me faithful is my earnest
 and fervent prayer
 J. Wright

Poetry By Addison

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal Wisdom is their guide,

Their help. Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care;

Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,

And breath'd in tainted air.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,

How with affrighted eyes,

Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,

In all its horrors rise,

Confusion dwelt in every face.

And fear in every heart.

When coarson wars, and gulphs in gulphs,

Overcame the power'd art.

Exhort.

Religion should govern the temper & the tongue; it should keep us from indolence, from vanity, from pride, from foolishness, from levity, from moroseness, from selfishness and all the little every day foibles to which we are exposed. Religion should exemplify its gentleness in your kind & affable manners; its purity (and propriety) in your conversation; its benevolence, in the conduct, and its consistency and heavenly tendency in all your ways.

True & False Zeal

False zeal is uncertain & mortal; it must be fanned by the gale of adventitious circumstances; it is merely occasional; it intermits; it is as a meteor which streaks through the sky with momentary beauty; now it sparkles; now it expires. Not so true & undified zeal: this is permanent; kindled by the breath of the almighty, it shines like the glory of the day, & is destined to shine when that glory is turned into gloom; destined to soar above pyramids, & hills, & clouds, & stars; - destined to survive the catastrophe of the earth & the visible heavens, & then to mingle with the flame of devotion which plays eternally around the throne of God.

Young Man's Sunday Book
Prodigal Son. P. 124

The Sailor Boy's Mother

99

Written on seeing a Mother weeping over the corpse
of her only son, cast on shore by the waves,
Is it for this, that her youth has been wasted,
And the tint of the rose left her cheek?
For this, that the fountain of sorrow she tasted,
With spirit submissive and meek

And was it for this, over his cradle she sighed,
In the still, lonely hours of night,
Or cooled his parched lips, when he waywardly cried,
And watch'd by the taper's dim light?

In silence, her beauty was stolen away,
While she bent over the sufferer's bed,
Her eye once was brilliant, her step once was gay,
Now around her, grief's shadows are spread.

Oh! was it for this, that the ocean's rude billow,
From her bosom might tear her chief joy,
To find on the sea-beaten shore a rude pillow,
For her ruddy cheek'd, young sailor boy?

And oh! was it all, that the sea shells might sing,
With their mournful aeolian breath,
Through caverns of coral, their dirges might ring,
For the wandering sailor boy's death?

Oh! for not thy hopes upon times fading flowers,
Whom, chill winter may wither her bloom,
But wreath thee a crown, from heaven's fair bowers,
Which will bloom 'mid the damps of the tomb.

Oh! mother, the fountain of love must be deep,
Which the dark waves of sorrow can't still:
Thou'g absence, ingratitude, cause thee to weep,
Yet nothing thy bosom can chill.

Sailor's Magazine

The Somers
A Ballad - By Horner Cleaveland Esq. Quartermaster
in the United States Navy

- 1 Come listen all ye sailors bold,
Come listen unto me,
I'll sing you of a cruel deed;
A bloody tragedy
- 2 Come listen landsmen, one & all,
Come listen unto me,
I'll make you bless your lucky stars
You've never gone to sea.
- 3 It was the Somers, graceful, swift,
As trim a little brig
As ere was modelled by shipwright,
Or sailor helped to rig.
- 4 That right before the steady trades,
Was cleaving her swift way,
And dashing from her glancing bows
The sparkling, snowy spray.
- 5 Like unto some live ocean bird,
Swiftly and light she breasts
The up-curved, watery rolling hills,
And skims along their crests.
- 6 Like unto some live ocean bird
She spreads her wings of snow,
And piles the canvass, gleaming white,
On spars aloft, below.
- 7 On, on she fluthly rushes,
Her wake, a track of foam,
Outstretching far, attests the speed
With which she flies for home.
- 8 Home! Home! ah! what a joyfull word
For every seaman's ear,
But ah! vain word! vain word! to some
Of that brig's crew I fear.

- 9 Stern sounds of import, dark & dread,
Rise from her peopled deck;
They're not the thrilling battle cheers
Or shriekings of the wreck
- 10 They're not the friendly trumpets hail,
Far over the waters east,
Nor boom of cannon belching forth
The fierce & deadly blast.
- 11 They're not the orders, loud & hoarse,
"High rising over the gale,
"Clew up! Clew down! lay out & pass
The gaskets round the sail!"
- 12 They're sounds of anguish & despair
Low, mournfull dread & fear,
Sighs, prayers, & inward curses
The mutterings of fear.
- 13 They're sounds that ne'er were heard before
Among a Yankee crew;
That ne'er before disgraced a ship
On which our bright flag flew.
- 14 The grating's rigged - the hangman's whip
Dangles from main yard arm,
The wondering crew gaze on the sight
With terror & alarm.
- 15 In doubt & fear they whisper low,
Scarcely above their breath,
"What mean these novel sights & signs,
These signs of crime and death?"
- 16 Alas! the meanings soon too clear:
The noose is round the neck
Of three poor men, but men as brave,
As walked the Somers' deck.

The Tower A Ballad Continued
 17 But what's the cause, & what's the crime,
 That thus, in manhood's bloom,
 And without form of law, three men,
 To such a death, can doom?

18 Alas! suspicion, hate, & fear,
 And vanity are rife;
 And a poor Goid, that will not count
 The worth of human life.

19 A lubber's heard a wild boy's yarn,
 That makes his chuck turn pale,
 And a straitway to the Quarter deck,
 He tells the wondrous tale.

20 'Tis taken up, & for this cause
 These men are doomed to die;
 A tale, which most men would have called,
 A weak & silly lie.

21 On one side, Small & Cromwell stand
 Bold men, & sailors true,
 They quail not, though the boldest might,
 With such a death in view.

22 The meanest Yankee tar that lives,
 Will dare the ghastly foe,
 Where bullets fly; where cut-throat pike,
 Gives fiercely, blow for blow

23 Amid the flashing cannon's roar,
 When hand to hand we board,
 But, ah! 'Tis different far to face
 The Hangman's cruel cord

24 Starboard, young, foolish Spencer stands;
 The tears are in his eye;
 What feelings of deep agony
 Must through his bosom fly.

25 He thinks of home, his father, friends

The Somers - A Ballad - Continued
His mother's fond caress;
He thinks of all the hopes & fears
That promised life to bliss

26 He thinks, too, of his comrades bold
Doomed by his idle tales,
And their dread fate more than his own
He bitterly bewails.

27 The whips are quailed with pistol raised
The first Luff bravely stands
To guard that on the murderous ropes
Are laid, unwilling hands.

28 Now, doomed men, look your last on life
Look on the gathered crew;
Look on the bounding joyous brig;
Look over the waters blue.

29 Look on the fleecy floating clouds;
Look on the serene calm light;
Look on that banner waving free,
Emblem of law & right.

30 Look! look your last! for hark! a gun
Sends forth its smoky breath,
"Whip!" - instantly upon the word
Their eyes are sealed in death.

31 The deed is done! that cruel deed -
"Three cheers" the captain cries,
"Three cheers" for that dark blood striped flag
That o'er us mocking flies.

32 Pipe down! pipe down! the captain cries
'Tis dinner time o' day.
That over in their ocean tombs
These corpses we will lay,

33 And sad and slow our messmates dead
We launched into the waves,

over

The Scurvy A Ballad- Continued
 And watched them sink, mid ocean's moans,
 Deep in their watery graves

34 Over them the winds a requiem sing;
 Deep, mournfull sounds the blast;
 And shriller hiss the curling waves
 As homeward we speed fast

35 Our big flies like some guilty thing
 Faster, more fast she flies!
 From where the blood of murdered men
 From the deep ocean cries

36 In vain! in vain! Thou canst not escape,
 Fatal, perfidious bark!
 The stains of blood are on thy deck,
 Thy freight is curses dark

37 And other hands than flesh & blood
 Thou numberest 'mongst thy crew;
 And a ghostly "mess" thou'lt always bear
 Across the ocean blue

38 And not alone by mortal hands,
 Will be, when howls night's blasts,
 The reef-points knotted, earings hauled,
 Or mainyard gaskets passed,

39 No! o'er that gallows spar,
 The yardsman brave will quail,
 In the midnight watch at figures three
 Unearthly- fleshless- pale.

40 Strange sounds will float upon the air,
 And in the blast will speak;
 And round the mainyard arms three ghosts
 Will play, & dance, & shriek!

41 And ill luck, & misfortune dire
 Will follow in thy wake,
 Till the ghastly three, where lie their bones,
 Thy last dark haven make

The Sowers - A Ballad - Concluded

42 O! better far to yield her then
At once unto the dead,
Than keep the bloody, cursed craft
In honest seaman's dread!

43 Take her far away from land,
Her rudder lash midships;
From all the yard arms, fore & main,
Let hang the murderous whip.

44 Sheel home on every cursed spar,
Set every rag of sail,
And leave her to the ocean ghouls,
And demons of the gale!

Names of the days of the Week

The remains of the religion of the ancient people of Great Britain are seen in the names of the days of the week. These people were Scandinavians, who carried into Brittian with their arms, their Deities and their religious rites. The Anglo-Saxon superstition came from their progenitors, the Danes and Norwegians, and the northern mythology was once the established religion of Great Brittian - The names of the days of the week were called after the Deities of this northern worship - Sunday is the day of the Sun; Monday, the day of the Moon; Tuesday, of Tuecer, the God of hunting and archery; Wednesday, the day of Wooden, the God of war; Thursday, of Thor, the God of thunder; Friday, the day of Frigha, the Goddess of love and marriage; Saturday, the day of Satur, the God of fruits - Lion's Herald

The Christian

See yonder traveller o'er his brow
 Religion sheds its brightest glow;
 His humble garments speak of need,
 His whole appearance poor indeed;
 His step is feeble, yet no gloom
 Darkens his pathway to the tomb.

Whence comes that bright & radiant light
 Gilding the dream of age's night?
 What is the soul-inspiring lay,
 That when the eve of life's great day
 Comes gently to the waiting soul,
 Wraps in sweet ecstasy the whole?

It is confidence in God that gives
 His calm enjoyment while he lives:
 The love of God illumines his mind,
 With ardent faith in Christ combined;
 Even his dimmed eye by faith beholds
 The joys eternally unfolds.

He has upon this promise stood,—
 All things together work for good,
 To those who claim by love to God,—
 The glorious promise of his word.
 He walks by faith, and not by sight;
 The yoke, the burden, all is light.

Lions Herald & W. Journal

The Tears of the Oppressed
 The captive bent above her task;
 The morn had past away,
 And, mantling o'er the dewy earth,
 The evening shadows lay;
 All day beneath the burning sun,
 Her busy hand had wrought,
 And scarcely staid, unto her lips,
 To lift the cooling draught.
 But now the twilight's breezy stir
 Did bring no hour of rest to her.

Up

The tears of the Oppressed - Continued
Time passed away - till midnight
The flickering taper burned,
Yet still beside her heavy task,
The weary captive turned
The dew of Toil was on her brow;
Its faintness in her heart,
And many a thought was clustering there,
Which would not thence depart;
Till tears, the language of her soul,
In anguish o'er her bosom stole

It was a soft and lovely night!
The fire-flies lit the sky,
As if a troop of fairy sprites
With clustering wings were nigh;
The mystic boughs were waving free,
Within the balmy air,
The broad magnolia lifting up
Its cup of incense fair,
And not a brighter sky was known,
Than where these balmy hours had flown.

The soft guitar was swelling out
Beneath the flowery shade,
Where laughing ones in festal white,
With bounding footsteps strayed,
Wealth lent its charms: the song, the dance
The passing hours beguiled,
And ruby lips, though sweet before,
Now but more sweetly smiled;
So softly beautiful they shone,
One might have dreamed of joy alone.

They came unto the captive's ear -
Those sounds of joy and glee,
Which burst from many a youthful heart,
With pleasure bounding free;
She thought upon her lonely doom,
Its hopeless, endless case -
The chiding voice, the bloody lash,
And then she thought of bliss.

Over

The Tears of the Oppressed— Concluded
Till mid her toil, alone, alone,
In tears the midnight hours had flown.

They fall, they fall, those glittering drops,
In many a lovely spot;
Yet never by Him who seeth all,
Such tears will be forgot,
For every pearly drop that's shed
Beneath oppression's rod,
Shall be a witness, swift and sure,
To an avenging God;
And He who ^{notes} the sparrows fall,
Shall mete his justice out to all
Flourish.

Tuesday, Sept 3 1844.

I do not know what to write (and I only under-
take it because I can't do anything else—

Our good ship is now in Lat 50.28 N & 154.10 West
Longitude— we are thirty-seven months (and three
days from home (and have obtained in all our wan-
derings over the oceans 1600 bbls of oil— 1000 bbls of it
is sperm (and 600 bbls is R whale oil— We have in
this time sailed, & allowing the ship to have gone
2 knots an hour all the time, & about 54000 miles—
we have been laying at anchor at 5 different places.
viz Callao, Payta, Tumbes, Mowee or Mani 3—
(and Maria Islands). — We have seen Sperm Whales
only 40 times— (and have only saved 30 whales, the
largest of these made 94 bbls (and the smallest only
made about 5 bbls— we have lost from various causes
12 S Whales, which makes 42 which we have been fast
to in all— we have killed (and sunk one Humpback—
we have struck 13 Right Whales of which we have
saved 5— sunk 3— but from 3— Irons broke in 1 (and time
parted from 1— The largest R Whale made rising 200
bbls (and the smallest 40 bbls— And for the last three
or four months I have looked for whales hard— pulled
hard in the boats, worked hard on board— and have done
next to nothing in which is very hard— (and now I am
very home sick, and can't get home— which is harder yet
Oh dear— Oh dear— Oh dear—
D. C. Wright

About Evening

Now calmer sinks the parting sun,
 Yet twilight lingers still,
 And beautiful as dreams of Heaven
 It lingers on the hill.
 Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
 Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
 And, rendering back the hues above,
 Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest trees
 In shadowy groups recline,
 Like saints at evening bowed in prayer
 Around their holy shrine;
 And through their leaves the night winds blow
 So calm and still - their music low,
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
 Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,
 Retiring from the sky,
 So calmly move, so softly glow,
 They seem to fancy's eye
 Bright creatures of a better sphere,
 Come down at noon to worship here,
 And from their sacrifice of love
 Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
 The night arch floating high,
 The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
 The bright streams leaping by,
 Are living with religion - deep
 On earth and sea its glories sleep,
 And mingle with the starlight rays
 Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
 Comes through the silent air
 And feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
 A gush of music there!
 And the far depths of ether beam

Sabbath Evening - Continued
 So passing fair, we almost dream
 That we can rise (and wander through
 Their open paths of trackless blue!

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
 Each pulse is beating high wild,
 And thought is soaring to the shrine
 Of glory undefiled!
 And hark! aspirations start
 Like blessed angels from the heart
 And bind - {for earth's dark ties are riven} -
 Our spirits to the gates of Heaven
 G. D. Prentice

The Throne of Grace

If you are a Christian, the throne of grace is yours,
 Your Father is seated on it. Your Saviour has sprinkled
 it with his own blood. The Holy Spirit draws you
 secretly to kneel before it; and the promise, when there
 is, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." What
 an honor to approach the King of kings! Were we
 to have an audience with an earthly monarch, we should
 deem it an era in our history (and boast of it through life.
 But you and I, (and others, may have audience with the King
 of the universe. Nay, we have liberty to approach him
~~at~~ him at any time (and under any circumstances,
 Have we wants? He can supply them. Are we in trouble?
 He can exhort us. Do afflictions press our souls? He
 can mitigate (and remove them. Does sin pollute our
 joys? With him is the fountain of cleansing. Does
 Satan vex our souls? He invites us to his arms as our
 refuge. All relief (and every blessing is from God
 Newton

Chapter for Young Men.

Of what a heinous progeny of ill is deft the father,
 What lies, what meanness, what invasions of
 self-right, what double dealing! Now in due season
 it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles - how;
 like a knife it will stab the honest heart. And then

A Chapter for Young Men - Continued
its transformation! How it has been known to change
a goodly face into a mask of brass; the man into a
callous trickster. A freedom from aye, (and what
nourishing sweetness may be found in water; what
toothsome ness in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourish-
ment in a hard egg. You may be sure of it, he who
dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit (and an
onion, dines in 'the Apollo'. And then for raiment,
what warmth in a threadbare coat if the tailors re-
ceipt be in the pocket; what Tyrian purple in the
faded waistcoat, when it is not owed for; how close the
well worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a
debtor! Next the home sweets, the outdoor recreations
of a free man. The street door knocker fall not a
knell upon his heart; the foot on the staircase, though
he lives on the third pair, sends no spasm through his
anatomy; at the rap at his door he can crow forth 'come
in'; and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart
sink not in his bowels. See him abroad! how con-
fidently, yet how pleasantly he tames the street; how he
returns look for look with any passerby; how he smoothes
how meeting an acquaintance, he stands (and goes) as if
But then this man knows no debt debt, that casts
a drug in the richest wine; that makes the food of
the Gods unwholesome, indigestible. The banquets of Lu-
cullus with ashes, soot in the soup of an emperor -
debt, that like the moth, makes valuable furs (and
velvets, enclosing the wearer in a fastening prison,
{ The shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for }
debt that writes upon frescoed walls the handwriting
of the attorney, that puts a voice of terror in the knocker
(and makes the heart quake at the haunted fireside;
debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with
a man, now quickening his steps, now making him
look round all sides like a haunted beast. And then
to his face the ash line of death, as the unconscious
passenger looks glaucy upon him.

Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, (and some times
with advantage, be gillped down. Though the
drinker make wry faces, there may, after all, be a
wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however

A Chapter for Young Men-continued
 courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, (and
 the wine, spiced (and delicious though it be, is an
 eating poison. The man out of debt, though with
 a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in the shoe leather,
 (and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free
 as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though
 clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf on
 a holiday, a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by
 his owner, the creditor?

If a young man be poor, let him see wine in the
 running springs, let his mouth water at a last
 week's roll, let him think a thread-bare coat the
 only wear, (and acknowledge a white-washed garret
 the fittest housing for a gentleman- but let him
 flee debt. and his heart shall be at peace. (and
 the Sheriff confounded
 A. B. Evangelist

Folly of Atheism

Go out beneath the arched heavens in gloom, (and
 say, if you can- There is no God! Pronounce that broad blas-
 phemy, (and each star above you will upbraid you for
 your unbroken darkness of intellect- every voice
 that floats upon the night winds will bewail your
 utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God?
 Who, then, unrolled that scroll, (and threw upon
 its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of im-
 mortality? Who fashioned this green earth- with
 its perpetual cooling waters, (and its expanse of islands
 and main? Who settled the foundation of the moun-
 tains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, (and
 uttered amid the storms the voice of thunders,
 (and unchained the lightnings that linger, (and
 lurk, (and flash in their gloom?

Who gave to the eagle the safe eyrie where the
 eagle dwells (and beats strongest, (and to the dove
 a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo
 to the ministry of her moan? Who made thee
 O Man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect (and
 form? Who made light pleasant to thee, (and
 the darkness covering, (and a herald to the first

Folly of Atheism— Continued
beautifull flashes of the morning? Who gave thee
that matchless symmetry of the sinews (and limbs)?
The regular flowing of blood? The irresistible (and
daring) passions of ambition (and love)?
And yet the thunders of heaven (and the waters of
earth are calmed? Are there no floods, that man is
not swept under a deluge? They remain, but the
bow of reconciliation hangs out above (and beneath
them. And it were better that the limitless waters &
the strong mountains were convulsed (and commin-
gled together— it were better that the very stars were
conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom,
than the soul should be lost, while Mercy kneels
and pleads for it beneath the altar of Intercession.
A P Evangelist

A Mother's Address (and Meditations upon the death
of her child who died of a scarlet fever March 1st 1842

To sleep thou art gone, my dear little one!
May thy rest be as sweet as my love:
Thy pains are all banished, thy labor is done,
Thou art gone to the Saviour above.

To rest thou art gone, thy cries are all still,
And life's last pulsation is o'er
No frost shall now blight thee, no damp shall now chill,
No cloud on thy heaven shall lower.

To sleep thou art gone, when the angels attend,
And sweet hallelujahs proclaim,
To our Father above, with Jesus our friend.
Thou art now at rest in his name.

To sleep thou art gone, should thy mother rejoice?
When thy father hath called thee away?
Should she grieve? O, no, but thy spirit resign
And the will of his father obey

To sleep I must go, as my darling has gone,
Soon the thread of my life will be riven,
God's will must be done. his Kingdom must come,
I shall meet with my baby in Heaven

Flowers— By Mrs. Letta Smith
 I deem it not an idle task,
 These lovely things to rear,
 That spread their arms as they would ask
 If sun and dew are here—
 For simple wants alone are theirs,
 The pure and common, too—
 The bounty of refreshing airs,
 The gift of liquid dew.

And they return for every ray,
 A gay smile and look;
 And gently as the clear drops play,
 The murmur of the brook;
 And thus ~~out~~ thoughts away they lure,
 Where woods and water gleam,
 And mountain airs are strong and pure,
 And sing the bird and stream.

Trill, grateful things! how fondly they
 The nurtured leaf outspread,
 And more than all my care repay,
 When from its folded bed
 Some pink or crimson blossoms press
 To thrill me with delight,
 To fill my very eyes with tears,
 Its beauty is so bright.

Nay, 'tis no idle thing, I trust,
 To foster beauty's birth,
 To lift from out the lowly dust,
 One blossom of the earth—
 Where barrenness before had been
 A verdure to disclose,
 And make the desert, rich in cheer,
 To blossom as the rose.

A. G. Evangelist

Oh! they look upwards in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by the woods and streams,
They tell us of lakes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell us of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God:
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blest what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth on them still,
Though often the storm cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessings of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then—
The bright, bright flowers!

The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
And sweet is the woodbine as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as a proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home:
They are here as a type of the joys that this
The just in a world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!

Abide with us

"Abide with us;" the evening hour draws on;
And pleasant at the daylight's weary close
The traveler's repose!

And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh blessed stranger! have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our hearts were held.
Laid were our souls, and quenched" hopes latest ray;
But, thou, to us, hath words of comfort-given
Of Him who came from Heaven!

How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While thou the sacred Scripture didst unfold,
And bade'st us trust the promise given of old!
"Abide with us!" let us not lose thee yet!
Lest, unto us, the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's hope, his better Sun, is set!
Oh! teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chase our faithless wo!
Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side,
Who on the Cross had died!

But when he broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And, in the Stranger, hailed their risen Lord!
"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt, and bitterness and dread.
When as life from the dead,
The bow of Mercy breaks upon his gaze!
He trusts the words yet fears, lest from his heart,
He whose discourse is Peace, too soon depart.
Then, thou trembling one! the Portal wide,
And to the inmost palace of thy breast,
Take home the Heavenly Guest!

He, for the famished, shall a feast provide;
And thou shalt taste the Bread of Life, and see
The Lord of Angels come to sup with thee.
Beloved! who for us with care hast sought—
Lay, shall we hear Thy voice, and let thee wait
All night before the gate,

Abide with us - continued
Wet with the dew's mo' great Thee as we ought
O, strike the fetters from the thrall of ~~Pride~~ Pride,
And, that we perish not, with us oh Lord abide!

Twenty-One. - Evening Post - Philadelphia
Just twenty - just twenty one!

How swift the sands of life have run!
It seems but yesterday to me.

I gambolled at my Mother's knee,
With all an infant's hopes and fears,
Its simple joys, and tender tears;
And joyed to see the hallowed smile
Rest in her calm blue eye the while,
She deemed her wayward child was blest
That peace sat in its little breast!

Yet, true it is, youth's sun and shower
Have passed me by since that young hour,
And left me on the slippery strand
Of manhood's long expected strand;
Where higher duties wait to guide
My frail barque over a stormier tide

Forever passed my youthful years! -
Bright dripping with joy's silver tears,
Oft shall I gaze upon your charms
That linger in my memory's arms -
A mother's and a sister's care,
A father's true and fervent prayer,
A brother's kind companionship,
The words of friendship's hallowed lip,
The gilded clouds that float above
The horizon of dreaming Love. -
O Thou! who deigns to let man share
Thy mercy and Thy holy care,
If in youth's hour of thoughtless glee,
My soul has wandered far from Thee -
And its first innocence defiled,
Forgive thy weak and transient child
And whate'er my fate may be,
Where'er my home, on shore or sea,
Along the mystic future's way,
Be Thou my Guardian, Guide and Stay

The Rainbow - By Emelia

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
 That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
 Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
 When my heart was as light as a blossom in June,
 The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
 While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
 On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
 That scattered the rindrops (and dimpled the seas,
 Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
 Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold;
 It was born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,
 It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
 With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
 Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,
 While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
 When they saw the fair rainbow-kneel down on the shore.
 A sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
 Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
 And bent my young head in devotion and love,
 To catch the fork of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
 How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
 If I looked on the sky 'twas suspended in air,
 If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there.
 Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole,
 As the thoughts of the rainbow that circle my soul—
 Like the wing of the Deity calmly unfurled,
 It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments I think, when the spirit receives
 Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
 When the folds of the heart in a moment enclose,
 Like the inmost leaves from the heart of a rose;
 And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
 The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by.

The Rainbow. By Amelia

It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain,
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
But, Oh! when death's shadows my bosom enfold,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold

I Love the Starry Night. By Fletcher

I love, I love the starry night,
When every twinkling orb is bright
Flooding the earth with silvery light.
In beauty sweet!
Tis then I love to speed away,
Across the glassy sparkling bay,
In my light skiff with heart so gay.
My love to meet.

The starry night! the starry night!
When the calm moon is at its height,
Oh! tis a witching, charming sight!
Sublimely grand!
I love to roam abroad (and view,
The vasty heavens, deeply blue,
And all besprangled richly too.
Made by His hand.

Some may love the rosy day,
When the great sun with golden ray,
Upon the laughing earth doth play,
Its beams so bright
But give, oh give that time to me,
When nature slumbers quietly,
From the dazzling sunlight free—
The starry night—

Saturday Evening Post

The Sailors Life - From the Friend of Temperance & Seamen
 Tossed by ocean's heaving surges,
 Doomed the watery waste to roam
 (Wherever gain or science urges;
 From home an exile - or, without a home.

- 2 Numberless temptations, dangers,
 Throng around at sea - on shore;
 Now beset by reckless strangers;
 Now amid the tempests' roar.
- 3 Or, he's sick; and no fond mother
 Is at hand to cheer his heart;
 He has a sister - but another
 Must perform a sister's part.
- 4 True, in every clime and nation
 Is the hapless sailor's life:
 Marked with hardships and privation,
 Rough endurance, censure, strife.
- 5 Yet, the tempest's rage is less,
 When compared with passion's gust -
 Happier are the fettered captives
 Than the slaves of rum or lust.
- 6 Still, kind efforts are not wasted
 For the sailor's happiness:
 Pleasures here, he's often tasted -
 He may rise to heavenly bliss.
- 7 Noble, though perchance degraded,
 Tender-hearted, generous brave -
 Are a brother's rights invaded?
 He will risk his life to save.
- 8 Comes the "Friend" to you, poor sailors,
 Wishing you a Happy Year.
 Ail not land-sharks nor retailers;
 From seducing sirens steer
- 9 Lining is the source of ill
 Of the sufferings you endure -

Virtue is the grand specific;
It cures the sovereign cure

10 Pleasure dwells with the pure-hearted;

"So the virtuous, peace is given,
And the cheering hope imparted
Of the endless bliss of Heaven

Ship B. Owen - Lat - 5 deg. N Long 153.30 West

Bound to the Southward

Nov 11th 1844

O. C. Wright

E/21

She May yet be mine - By a Sailor
'Tis three long years since last I saw
The gentle Clementine;
But Hope forbids me still to doubt -
That she may yet be mine

Old Ocean's waves divide us now
Full many a hundred miles;
But future years I yet may see,
Enlivened by her smiles.

In grief I left the lovely maid -
More lovely for her fears -
Which spoke her soul's sweet tenderness;
Her heart's foreboding fears.

Though circumstances then combined
To drive me from her side,
Some happier day may yet restore
The exile to his bride.

I hear that rivals struggle hard
To rob me of her love -
But all in vain - they cannot change
My faithful turtle-dove.

May Heaven's choicest blessings rest
On gentle Clementine;
For Hope forbids me still to doubt
That she may yet be mine.

G. M. R

Ship Peruvian. St John N B. - For the Friend of Temperance & Seamen

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best Philosophy;
a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and Temperance
the best physic.
The Friend

An early Impression - By a Sailor
 How oft when but a child, I've roamed
 Among the tomb-stones gray,
 And marked the records of the dead
 Whose ashes round me lay.

Here stood a splendid monument,
 Erected o'er the great,
 Who, all unconscious, slept beneath,
 Nor cared for earthly state.

While there the simple headstone marked
 The peasant of the soil,
 Whose bones amidst his father's dust
 Reposed from earthly toil.

Here lay the young, and there the old,
 In one unnumbered heap;
 Who, till the Resurrection Day
 The Earth hath charge to keep

While viewing o'er the various throng
 Of Adam's family there,
 My heart, though young, would ponder deep,
 And, something say, "prepare?"

Although since then I've wandered far
 O'er seas, and mountains high,
 That inward voice hath never been hushed,
 "Prepare for thou must die!" G M R
 Eng to Ship Peruvian Apr 2^d 1844

Invocation to Spring

Bend down from thy chariot, oh! beautiful spring;
 Unfold like a standard, thy radiant wing,
 And beauty and joy, in thy rosy path bring!
 We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love!
 We watch for thy smile in the pure sky above!
 And we sigh for the hour when the wood-bird shall sing,
 And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful spring!
 How the lone heart will bound, when thy presence draws near,

Invocation to Spring— continued

As if borne from this world, to some lovelier sphere!
Now the fond soul to meet thee, in rapture shall rise
When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the skies.

Descend thy soft breath on the icy bound stream!
I will vanish— I will melt like the forms in a dream—
Released from the chains, like the child in its glee,
I will flow on, unbounded, unfettered, and free!
I will leap on in joy like a bird on the wing,
And hail the sweet music, oh! beautiful spring!
But tread with thy foot, on the snow-covered plain,
And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train!
But whisper one word, with thy seraph-like voice,
And nature and earth shall rejoice, shall rejoice!

O spring! lovely goddess! what form can compare,
With thine, so resplendent so glowing so fair?
What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye
From whose glance the dark spirit of winter doth fly?
A garland of roses is twined round thy brow—
Thy cheek with the pale blush of evening doth glow—
A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,
And the light-winged zephyrus plays round thy head.

Oh! could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing,
And rest ever beside thee, Spring! beautiful Spring!
While the thought of thy beauty inspireth my brain,
I shrink from the terror of cold winters reign—
Methinks I behold thee—I hear thy soft voice—
And in fulness of heart I rejoice! I rejoice!
But the cold wind is moaning, the drear snow doth fall,
And nought but the shrieking blast echoes my call.
Oh! heed the frail offering an infant can bring!
And grant my petition, Spring! beautiful Spring!
Margaret M Davidson. — Aged 12 years

The Cross

Symbol of shame! mysterious sign
 Of groans, and agonies, and blood,
 Hail! pledge of love, of peace divine
 From God!

Symbol of Hope! to those that stray,
 The pilgrims' vows extend to thee;
 Star of the Soul, thou guid'st the way
 To Calvary

Symbol of tears! we look and mourn
 His woes, whose soul for man was given;
 Where, wanderer! is thy due return?
 To Heaven

Symbol of empire! thou shalt rise
 And shine, in lands where darkness sit
 On Eastern domes that greet the skies,
 And minaret!

Symbol of Glory! when no more
 The monarch grasps his diadem,
 Thou still shalt burn when worlds are o'er,
 A peerless gem!
 Lion's Herald

A Morning Hymn
 As morning light returns the skies
 And ushers in the welcome day,
 O, Sun of Righteousness arise!
 The brightness of thy face display!

Dispel the shades of nature's night
 And cheer us in our low estate;
 Now with the rays of heavenly light,
 Our darkened souls illuminate.

O let us, by thy Spirit's beam,
 Our folly, sin, and danger see,
 And Thou who didst our souls redeem,
 Our wisdom, guide, and Savior be.

A Morning Hym continued
Diffuse Thy life through every part,
The warmth of love give us to feel;
Thy full salvation, Lord, impart,
In us thy glory now reveal. E.
Lionel Herald

An Evening Hym
Lo! the evening shades are falling,
Night her mantle round us throws,
And to duty now is calling,
For the day hath reached its close;
Let us worship,
Then we'll seek for sweet repose

If no duty is neglected,
We can claim a Father's care,
And expect to be protected,
When the cross we freely bear,
For the faithful
Only shall his blessings share.

When the suppliant knee is bending,
Swift on wings of faith and prayer,
Let our hearts on high ascending,
Leave behind all cumbering care,
Soar to heaven,
For our treasure, Lord, is there.

When our bodies fall and slumber
Steath the cold and silent clod,
May we join that happy number,
Who the pilgrim's pathway trod,
And forever
Dwell with angels, Christ and God. E
Lionel Herald

What is Life?

Say, is there aught that can convey
 The image of life's transient stay?
 'Tis a hand's-breadth; 'Tis a tale,
 'Tis a vessel under sail;
 'Tis a courier's straining steed,
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
 'Tis an eagle on its way,
 Darting down upon its prey,
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight,
 'Tis a vapor in the air,
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there,
 'Tis a short-lived fading flower,
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower,
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Shining on a winter's day;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream,
 'Tis a shadow - 'Tis a dream;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at the rising light;
 'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
 Painted upon crumbling clay;
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fire,
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires,
 'Tis a breath on furnished steel,
 'Tis a furrow which the keel
 Ploughs upon the watery main,
 'Tis an April shower of rain,
 'Tis the iris on the spray
 Dashed by vessels in their way,
 Catching some slant solar ray;
 'Tis a meteor in the sky,
 'Tis a bubble; 'Tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die.

London Christian Guardian

To the memory of Rev. T. W. Smith
 Rest my brother in the Lord,
 Herd of his holy word,
 Rest thee from thy toil and strife,
 Share the bliss of endless life

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To the Memory of Rev Wm Smith
Soon thy work on earth is done,
Soon thy brilliant race is run;
And thou art crowned a priest of God,
Through the riches of the Saviour's blood

Thou hast fought the battle well,
Conquered earth, and vanquished hell;
Put thy many foes to flight,
Triumphed in the wildering fight;
Yes, I've seen thee on the field,
Where even stoutest hearts might yield;
Seen thee in thy warrior dress,
Heard thy watchword, "Prince of Peace!"

Yes, I've seen thee, man of God,
Wrestling with the fire and flood!
But the tempest passing by,
Never dimmed thy watchful eye!
Men and devils, death and hell,
These may of thy valor tell;
Victor! Soldier of the Cross!
All foes by thee have suffered loss.

But thy warfare now is over,
Thou hast gained the radiant shore
Where sister spirits whisper "Love
Haste thee to these climes 'above!'"
Happy brother! rest thee there;
Soon we hope thy bliss to share,
And the pealing anthem swell,
Jesus has done all things well!

Rev L P Bridge

Mariner's Hymn - By Mrs Southey
 Launch thy bark, Mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands -
 Good angels lead thee!
 Let thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee!
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So let the vessel wear -
 There swept the blast.

"What of the night watchman?
 What of the night?"
 "Cloudy - all quiet
 No land yet - all's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant -
 Danger may be,
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

Now! gains the leak so fast?
 Clear out the hold -
 Hoist up the merchandise.
 Heave out thy gold; -
 Here - let the ingots go -
 Now the ship rights;
 Hurra! the harbor's near -
 To the red lights!

Lacken not sail yet
 At inlet, or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on

Cut through the foam -
 Christian cast anchor now
 Heaven is thy home

Stanzas. Written by the Sea Side - By Miss Linsbury. 29

One evening as the sun went down
Gliding the mountains bare and brown,
I wandered on the shore
And such a blaze over ocean spread,
I never saw before!

I was not lonely:- dwellings fair
Were scattered round and shining there:-
Gay groups were on the green,
While sounds rose in the quiet air,
That mingling made sweet music there,
Surpassing minstrel's skill!

The breezy murmur from the shore,
Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er,
Alike by sire and child,-
The whistle shrill - The broken song,-
The far off flute notes lingering long,-
The lark's strain rich and wild.

I looked. I listened - and the spell
Of music and of beauty fell
So radiant on my heart
That scarcely durst I really deem,
What yet I would not own a dream,
Lest dream-like it depart.

'Twas sunset in the world around:-
And looking inward so I found
'Twas sunset in the soul;
Nor grief, nor mirth, were burning there,
But musings sweet and visions fair.
In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these the human mind
Though seeking oft may seldom find
Or finding force to stay:-
As dew upon the drooping flower,
That having shone their little hour,
Dry up or fall away

But though all pleasures take their flight
Yet some will leave memorials bright

For many an after year:

That sunset - this dull night will shade -
These visions, which must quickly fade,
While half immortal memory holds
Over me when far from here

Shall I see them no more. By Robt. Long.

I Shall I see them no more? Must I die far away
From all I so loved in life's early day?
The parent who taught me the lessons of truth,
The brothers who shared all the joys of my youth,
The dear gentle sisters whose smile could destroy
All the painful grips of the passionate boy,
The schoolmates, my playmates, when study was over,
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

II Shall I see them no more? The Green Mountains that rose
Through the warm summer sky to the region of snows;
The valley where often I pensively strayed,
The brook where I fished and the woods where I played;
The cottage that stood by the side of the hill,
And the cool spring had by with its murmuring rill;
The apples and cherry trees, close by the door,
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

III O bright are the skies that hang over me now,
And soft is the breeze to my feverish brow;
I fly to the lovely and mirth-moving throng,
I join in the laughter, the dance and the song;
But, gazing on visions of beauty and grace,
The shadow of sadness steals over my face;
I sigh for the lost ones time cannot restore—
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

IV O God! let me die where I first drew my breath,
With my friends and my kindred around me in death;
Let not the rude hand of the stranger be laid
On the cold, silent image of clay thou hast made,
When my spirit is gone! let my body repose
In its old mountain home where the evergreen grows;
How they who still love me, my loss will deplore—
Shall I see them no more, shall I see them no more?

I Child of the Sea! hast thou this hope,
This Anchor of the soul;
Or dost thou get dissonating grope
Where stormy billows roll?
Tossed to and fro by every blast,
On every bobbled wave?
This, this alone can hold thee fast,
Thy bark from ruin save.

II What though thick darkness shroud the sky,
Robed in the tempest's wrath,
And not one burning star on high
Can light the watery path;
This Hope thy Anchor, thou canst bide
The storm's severest shock,
And slumber on the raging tide
Firm as a mountain rock.

III In wildest perils on the sea
I will never, never fail,
When paleness on the cheek shall be,
And bravest spirits fail.
Where icy rocks and cliffs and caves,
The arctic billows foam,
Or where the sunny tropic waves
Roll by in currents warm.

IV Oh Sailor! make this Anchor thine,
And cast it from thy deck,
Ere get thy bark in ocean's brine
Forever sinks a wreck;
And when thou hast a feeble breath,
And life's strong cords are riven,
Then drop it in the port of death,
And thou art moved in Heaven!

A. M. C.

Roman - Dr. Hon Robt M Charlton

I Angel of Earth! oh, what were life
Without thy form - without thy smile?
A circle of despair and strife,
Of toil, of misery, and guile:
Like mists before the morning rays,
As from the snare the timid dove,
So fled the cares of man away,
Beneath thy kind and gentle love.

II Was Eden lost because of thee!
Have heroes left a laurel crown,
That they might bow the willing knee,
At clearer shrine than man's renown!
Oh! who would sigh for all the pain,
That loss like this could ever impart,
If he were only sure to gain,
The Eden of a woman's heart!

III Mother! can mortal ever repay
Thy all devoted sacrifice,
Thy care that lasts through night & day,
Thy love, that never, never dies!
In childhood's hour, in manhood's prime
When age comes on with slow decay,
In joy, in sorrow, and in crime,
Still beams thy fond affection's ray!

IV Daughter! The Roman girl of old,
Who from her maiden bosom nursed
The sire, whom dungeons vile did hold,
Tortured by famine and by thirst,
Shall illustrate thy filial love
Which e'en the drooping soul sustain,
Like manna showered from above
Upon Arabia's arid plain

V "Sisters." The mates of childhood's hour,
When life was young and fresh and green;
The comforter when cares did lower,
The sharer in each joyous scene,

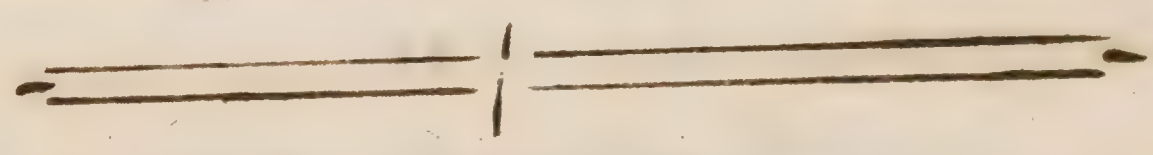
What dearer tie, what purer love,
Can we around our hearts entwine,
} Save that which becometh from above, }
Than this abiding love of Thine!

VI

Yes! there's another from whose charm,
Doth in itself completely blend,
The kind affections, pure and warm,
Of Mother, Daughter, Sister, Friend!
Wife! oh! the poet's task is pain
Thy spell, thy comfort to portray,
As well might painter strive to gain,
The glory of the morning's ray!

VII

Angel of life! I would not give,
This ever faithful love of Thine,
For all the joys on earth that live,
For all the gems that in earth shine;
Let others Glory's chaplets twine,
Or count the same that I deems in part,
I seek no dearer earthly shrine,
Than that which holds a Woman's Heart



The Stream of Death

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown world divide,
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
Mid sullen silence, downward sweep
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at the dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour was come;
Unthought of ill it neared the tide,
Sunk as to cradled rest, and died
Like going home

Followed with languid eye anon
A youth diseased, and pale, and wan;
And thou alone.

The Stream of Death - Continued

He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge - I heard a scream,
And he was gone

And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;
He shrank and raised the bitter prayer
Too late - his shrieks of wild despair
The waters drowned

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bowed with many a score,

Of toilsome years.
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eye and sank,
The full of years

How bitter must thy waters be,
Oh death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!

I missed - when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal men
With smiles drew nigh.

"Tis the last pang," he calmly said -
To me, O Death! thou hast no dread -
Savior, I come!

Spread but thine arms on yonder shore -
I see! ye waters bear me o'er!
There is my home

Funeral at Sea

On the year 183 I sailed from St Bedford
in the Chile, we were bound to the Southern
Ocean after a cargo of whale-oil. our crew consisted
of 25 souls in all, and when we cast off from
the wharf and began our voyage. High hopes
of a good voyage, & speedy return burned in
every bosom. — what mournful fairs of suffering
in station and in time. — I am at once

The Graves of a Household

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight —
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the west
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He ~~was~~ was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble staid;
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers —
The last of that fair band.

The Stream of Death - Continued

He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge - I heard a scream,
And he was gone

And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;

The Graves of a Household.

And parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that ~~that~~ with smiles lit up the hall
And cheered with song the hearth -
Hlas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond Oh Earth!

Mrs. Hemans,

Fare well Song,

I go sweet friends! yet think of me
When Spring's low voice awakes the flowers,
For we have wandered far and free in those bright

Funeral at Sea

In the year 1833 I sailed from Bedford in the *Chili*, we were bound to the Southern Ocean after a cargo of whale-oil. our crew consisted of 25 souls in all, - and when we cast off from the wharf and began our voyage high hopes of a good voyage, & speedy return turned a every bosom. - what mournfuls of difference in station and situation in life are at once leveled in a whaler's forecastle - there were men in that ship of almost every grade in society - learned, & unlearned; rich & poor, and the still more marked contrast of old salts of many years experience, and exposure to the storms of ~~the~~ ocean; and the "green hand" now just commencing his career as a sailor; yet on that evening each man walked to the "tea bucket" and bailed out his quart of tea and each one also helped himself from the same beef kid, and the same bread - barge, and with appetites sharpened by brisk exercise made a hearty meal, without grumbling - After supper the watches were chosen, and we received the inaugural of the Captain. It is I shall never forget that address, it was characteristic of the man. "Boys we have begun this voyage under favorable circumstances, I hope it will end as well. Now remember Go when you are told, & come when you are called, and we shall get along well enough." - He was a man of few words, but meant all he said -

We proceeded on our voyage, touching at the Wyoms. Cape de Verde, & having many adventures, being chased by Pirates, & in our turn chasing whales, until we had nearly completed our voyage, and were about ready to start for home - every heart was beating high with hope, when the circumstance I am about to relate took place -

We were engaged stowing down oil the day was clear but cold, and the wind was blowing S.W. by S. The ship rolled occasionally

very deep. We had broken out the "Plumber
down" to make room for the casks from the
hold; a four barrelled cask was placed
on the weather side of the deck, full of water,
Some of the crew were below passing
up wood from the hold to the deck floor
Dutrois thus engaged, stood upon some
casks right in the lower deck hatchway
when the ship fetched a heavy lee lurch
and the water cask was thrown from its
fastenings, and pitching end over end
struck him, and he was fastened in
the hatchway between the corbings and the
head of the cask the other head upon the
weather side of the hatch. His legs
above his knees were literally mashed
to pieces. We hoisted him on deck as
soon as we could and proceeded to render
him all the aid ^{in our power} we could; but in vain
he died the following day. He retained
his senses untill the last, giving me
the name and address of his parents, and
requesting me to write to them upon our
return to St. Bidsford. He died in the
afternoon watch, and we sewed him in his
hammock and left him untill morning.
Long long & dreary was that night.
The wind had now increased to a perfect
gale, the rain fell in torrents, the decks
were lumbered up with oil casks. Inaccess-
sible island was under our lee, we had
not seen the land for many weeks, and of
course were not sure of our reckoning
altogether it was the gloomiest night I
ever saw. But morning came at last
and we prepared to bury our shipmate.
Landmen do not, moreover take seamen
the circumstances are dissimilar. A
neighbor dies and is buried, but his place
is filled by another and 'tis soon forgotten.
not so in a ship a seaman dies, we bury
him, and his place is not filled, there is
none to fill it, for the ship at sea is the

sailor's world. a landsman ^{is} dying his friends perhaps his wife & children are there, or his father or mother are there and his passage through the valley is cheered by them. He dies, he is laid out; a coffin is prepared, he is carried to the church the minister of the Living God is there. and speaks words of comfort to the mourners — not so the sailor. He is dying but no wife or child, or father or mother is there. He is among strangers. He dies he is sewn in his hammock and launched overboard. no marble slab marks the spot where the rough son of ocean reposes forgot.

But to return from this digression. — We brought the body upon deck, and fixed it upon the plank. — the main topsail was hauled aback, the colors hoisted half mast; all hands were called to "bury the dead" — we found the burial service of the Church of England on board and I officiated as the chaplain on the occasion. — I can never forget that moment. the silent tear, the noiseless tread of the seamen, the roar of the wind, the tremendous rolling of the laboring ship, whose timbers creaked threatening at every roll to separate. the loud thundering noise of the mountain waves, all combined to mark it as and the still more appalling sight of the corpse all combined to mark it as one of the gloomiest of my life. — All being ready I took off my cap and proceeded to read the service in a solemn manner, I missed not a word, but as if my eyes were riveted to the page continued on and at the appropriate moment the plank was lifted and the body slid into the sea, there to remain until the "sea shall give up its dead" — there were real mourners there, and for many days we thought and talked of poor Shaler, one was missing from his "mess", and for his watch, and look where we would we were

reminded that Death had been in our
midst - we were solemn. we were better men

A Sea Yarn

We were dashing away before a strong
breeze from the Northward. The first watch
had just come upon deck when we all
{that is all the waisters} gathered around "Old
Fred" upon the hencoop to begin a yarn.

Come Fred. set your jaw talking again
and give us a yarn. Said one.

"Well" and he took a fresh nip of his "laccie"

"Well what do you want to hear to night?"

"O anything you please, only don't spin
a whale yarn. That's all, -"

So that I won't I'll give you a Marcanman's
yarn this time. and fixing himself in
a comfortable posture he commenced.

In 1830 I sailed as mate of the brig Bashaw
from Boston. we were bound to the West Indies
and in trading from place to place we ex-
pected to be gone 5, or 6, months.

Analysis of the First Part of Watson's Theological Institutes
Subject—Evidences of the Divine Authority of the Holy
Scriptures—These are of two kinds. viz
1 Presumptive—1 There is a presumption that God has
made an express declaration of his will in some way
from the fact that men are moral agents, and there-
fore under a Law or rule of conduct— and
2 That no Law is binding until it is made known— and
3 That the generality of men are unable to collect any
adequate information on moral & religious subjects
by processes of induction— and
4 That Reason, even in the wisest is not sufficient to
make any satisfactory discoveries of the first princi-
ples of religion or duty, which is shown from the fact
5 That all the truths the ancient Philosophers held
were in existence in the earliest periods of the Patriarch-
al ages— and even if they could have made such
discoveries they would have been useless to mankind from
the consideration & fact
6 That they would not have authority with the
majority of mankind— being only their opinion or
conclusions to which they had come, and
7 That whatever truths they collected from tradition
they so corrupted as to destroy their harmony &
moral influence upon mankind. and
8 That it is absolutely necessary, from the State of
Religious Knowledge— Morals & Religions of the Heathen
[1 There is Presumptive evidence that the Revelation
of his will would be made in the way that Christian-
ity claims, viz in the Bible— Because
1 The Bible contains explicit information on subjects
which the world had darkened with the greatest errors
viz the nature & perfection & claims of God— his will as
the rule of moral good & evil— The means of obtaining
pardon & conquering vice— the true Mediator between
God and man— Divine Providence— Man's chief
good & Man's Immortality & accountability— and a
Future state— and
2 The Bible accords with the principles of all former
Revelations to the Patriarchs in all points, a great
moral impression being in such— perfect purity
of heart and conduct— and

3 The Bible has such external Authentication as not to leave a reasonable doubt of its Divine Authority - in its Miracles wrought and Prophecies fulfilled and

4 The Bible provides means for the effectual communication of its truths to all classes of men - By having it reduced to writing - Providing accredited Teachers - & Instituting public commemorative rites &c.

[1 Direct Evidence - [External

[Miracles - which are events contrary to the established course of things. wrought by the immediate act assistance, or permission of God, for the proof of some particular doctrine, or in attestation of the authority of some particular person. - When Miracles are wrought upon objects whose properties have long been known and when they occur at the time when he who professes to have a Divine mission from God is communicating that mission to men, and performing other acts connected with his office - and when they are wrought by the messenger himself or follow his volitions - then it is clear that God is with them, and his co-operation is an authenticating and visible seal upon their commission. - Such were the miracles wrought by Moses & Christ - when the rod became a serpent - the sea parted - & Sargamus was raised. & they are satisfactory evidences of a Divine mission

"Smile!" cried the man from mast head
"Shine away" mistake the officer from deck
two points off the weather-bow" was responded
soon followed the usual questions & answers -
such as, "how is she steering?" &c. &c. &c.
At last she was still. At mast head
and the man resumed his duty of looking
out for whales. - Presently some one
saw the sail from the deck, & it was
soon ascertained that she was steering for
us & all hands were on the lip-tops of ex-
pectation & conjecture. Every body hoped
it was a ship just from home and would
have letters for us - give us the price of oil
when she left &c. - It turned out to be none
of these things. but the Barque Cherokee
of N.B. whom we had seen ten days before.
- all well - At anchor aback the
Main Yard - Light up the jib sheet.
Put your helm down - Saw the mate - all
this was done & then we watched the barque
now right to the windward of us coming down
to "speak us" - The wind blew just a good full
sail breeze & the old bark seemed our vision
that many eyes were on her so powerfully & as
she dash away the upturned wave from her
bow - like a good seaman, did the mast-
spirit on that deck guide his vessel & when
she came within hailing distance - the tall
manly frame of the mate stepped into the
quarter-boat instead of the captain. & said
How is Capt R - to day? - Fortly well, where
is Capt A - a? Capt A was last
week ago to day. Come on board a little while
aye, aye. - The boat was lowered & away went
a boats crew & the "old man" to the bark. Then
back came the boat with another crew & by
the first officer of the bark to the children
The sails were trimmed. the course given. the
mast-heads manned again - and then we
heard the story of the death of Capt. Houlton -
circumstantially related by the crew.

after they parted company with us before the
wind blew strong. but they double reefed the top
sails & continued to cruise for whales: on the
day of the Capt's death they raised one or more
whales & lowered the boats in chase. and
the second mate fastened to one which ran
furiously first to windward then to the
leeward, but did not "bring too" at all to
give them the opportunity to kill it. nor
could the loose boats get near enough
to fasten. in this way he "fooled" them all
a long time until the Captain very foolish-
ly lost his patience & swore that if he was
fast to the whale he could kill it. and
as he could not get fast himself he
managed to get to the "fast boat" & get into
it & sent the boatsteerer into his boat. he
then went into the head of of the boat & told
them to haul in the line. swearing most
terribly at the same time. the crew hauled
powerfully. but when they got near the fish
he would start off afresh. and ^{the sea} ~~it~~ was
so rough that the boat could not be kept
afloat without slackening the line again. in
this way they were served several times. when
the Capt lost all patience & prudence &
(though they were five miles to the windward
of the ship) he told the Officer to hold on
to the line. it was in vain that the Officer
remonstrated. the Capt now exclaiming furiously
shouted "hold on I tell you hold on!!
Ye Ass Sir. was the answer and throwing
another line over the logghead he did
hold on. for a minute that frail boat
with six human beings it plunged through
the waves ~~crashing~~ the spray high on either
side. Then it met another wave & such
was the ^{force} ~~force~~ with which they were going that
the boat ~~did~~ did not rise at all. but ran
under & filled instantly. ~~At the same time~~ the
line was cut at once but the boat cap-
sized & left them in the water. they got

upon the bottom of the boat & then learned
that true situation - the ship was far to the ocean
& could carry sail enough to beat to the mainland
if indeed she knew where they were - there was
no boat in sight. & if there ~~had~~ been it was
by no means certain that they could maintain
their hold on the boat until the ship could
reach them, & there was no way that a
signal could be set - above them was the
angry clouds flying fiercely & the sea birds
screamed high in the air thus boding more wind
and decreasing their hopes of life - around
them the raging sea rolled & tossed it off a
laughing at their calamity - but they did not
despair. they called on the Heavenly God and
hoped. all but the Capt - he gave up at
once. & taking an oar he swam a little
way from the boat & lay by himself - what
could have been his feelings? he had sailed
from home a professor of religion & a member
of the church - no doubt he had promised to
be faithful solemnly promised - but he had
forgotten that promise & sinned - and now
as he lay on that oar he remembered them
again but they brought no comfort to him -
there he lay supporting himself by that oar
until the sea birds picked his eyes out & he
died - slowly he relaxed his grasp upon the oar
blade & sunk into the ocean.

Hours passed away & yet no boat appeared
to take up the crew. Several of the men were
nearly worn out & had been ~~many~~ ^{almost} drowned
several times - to make it worse night was
approaching & hope began to fade - when
one of them saw a speck on the top of a
wave to leeward - it looked like a boat - he
looked again with intense anxiety - again
the wave arose and now he saw it plainly
it was a boat - he told the crew & they
saw it too - new life seemed to be imparted to
them - no wonder they are seen - on comes
the boat, nearer & nearer & they are within
hearing distance now - they come a long way

and receive the survivors in an hour
more they were on board the ship again. We
can tell the change in their feelings. A little
before they were almost hopeless now they
were safe! Their hearts were too full for
utterance - but they wept for joy - in witness
thence we are led to say - Great God what must
be thy Salvation

Source of Study - for official use
The balance of the fund
There is a reference to the fact that
the study group will have passage in the Bible in
which it makes sense to mention - see 1.1.10

It is a mistake of fact - I think - Statement of the Board
Some things are true by virtue of composition; but they
are not so far as to be represented; but is a fair thing
to say - Some are one in kind, but admit many
instances of the same kind, or some might and
other conditions; but that is so one that there are
no other kinds though there are other beings;
Other things are so one, as that there exists no other
of the same kind, we are one man, one woman, one
thing, one being; yet there might have been
more if it had pleased God so to will it - But
that is so one that there is not the least
possibility of error, there is no doubt in the matter
and the fact is so one that there is no possibility
of error in the fact.

See 1.1.10

1 lb. C. Biggs & Co
 2.00
 By Little's Laundry
 30
 " from Advertising -
 30
 A. Hays & Co
 1.25
 J. Hays & Co
 31
 By J. Hays & Co
 11.25
 2.00
 Wm. Stephens & Co
 50
 By 2 Bush Potatoes
 50
 By J. Hays & Co
 11
 By 1/2 bush cab -
 25
 85
 3 1/2



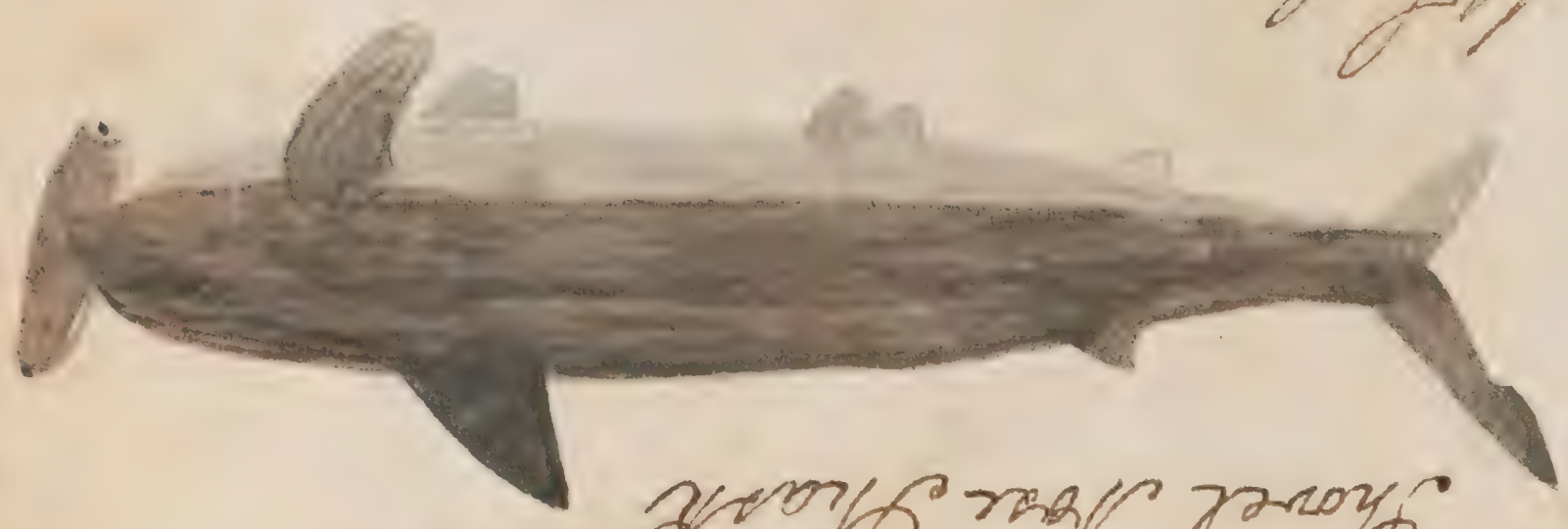




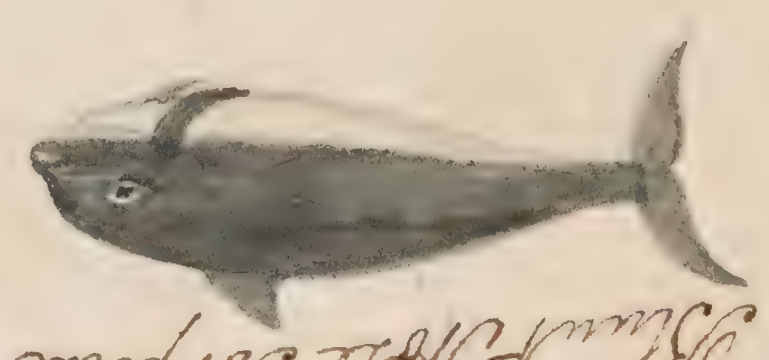




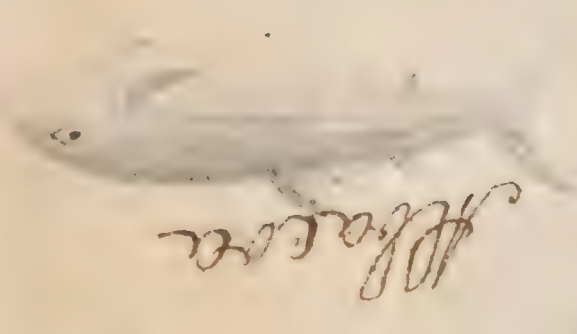
A Right Whale



Shovel Nose Shark



Bonnet Head Shark



Lemon Shark



Sword Fish



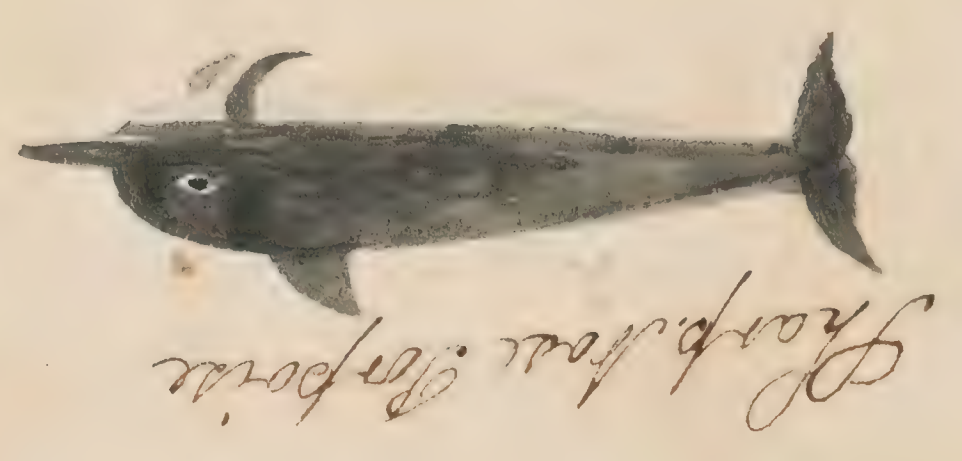
Mako



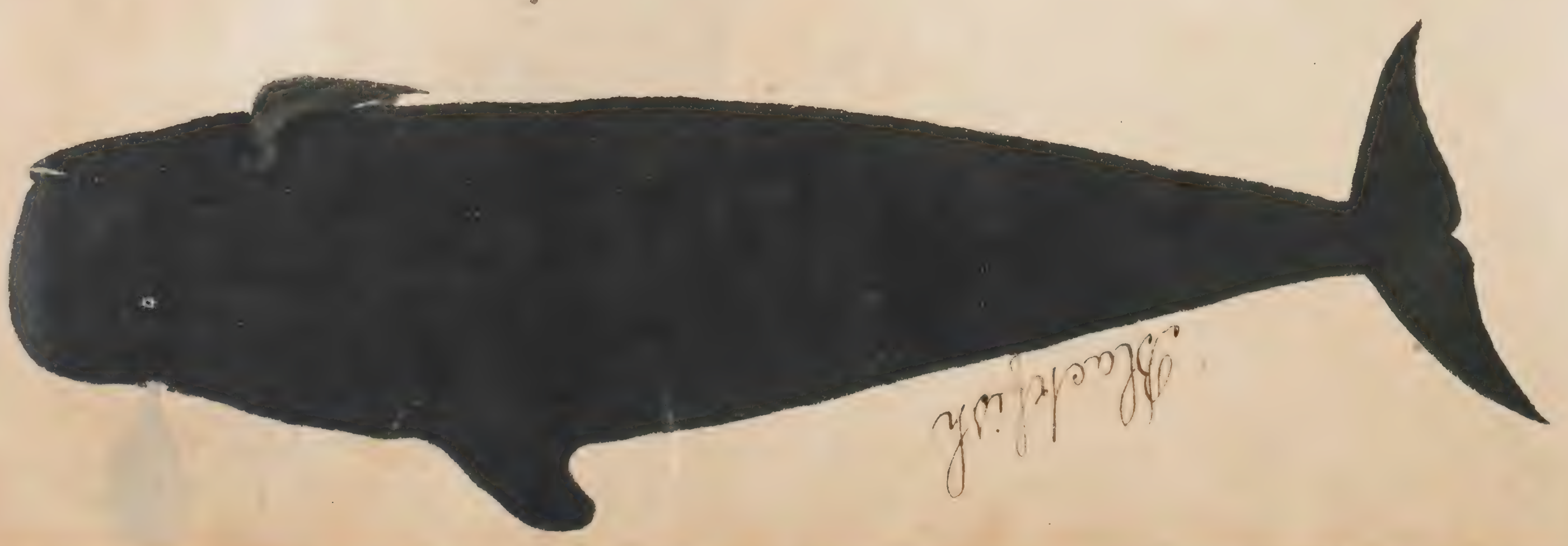
Bill Fish



Shark



Bonnet Head Shark



Blackfish

1000 Large Sperm Whales

St. School of Sperm Whales

A Sperm Whale



September 24th 1842 Journal D. C. Wright,

Bot of William Manchester

24 lbs Tobacco 40^c

\$ 9. 60

Oct 5th Paid William Manchester

1 pair flannel drawers 12/

1. 50

June 1st 1843. Paid W^m Manchester 3 lbs tobacco 40^c 1. 20

Dec 4th 1842. Do do do 1 Cask 31 1/4 0, 31 1/4

June 12th 1843. Bot of W^m Manchester 3 lbs Tobacco, 40^c 1. 20

Sept 5th 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 33^c

Oct 5th 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 33^c

Dec 10th 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 33^c

Dec 29th 1843 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 3 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 66

1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 44

Feb 23rd 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 44

March 22nd 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 5 lbs Tobacco 22^c 1. 10

July 6th 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 55

July 6th 1844 Rec of James Hawley 1 Duck Frock 1. 00

August 1st 1844 Rec of S. R. Eddy Esqr 2 1/2 lbs Tobacco 22^c 0. 55

Sept 9th 1844 Rec of Charles Williams 1/2 lb Paper 15^c

Sept 23rd 1844. Rec of James Hawley - 1 Duck Frock - 2 pairs Canvas

Trousers - and 1 Red wollen shirt

Sept 23rd 1844 Paid S. R. Eddy Esqr 1 Striped Cotton shirt 1. 00

Charles Williams Dr to 100 board 1. 50

Nov. 1st Bloomfield Thomas Dr 20 1/2 pr shoes 8 7/2

Dec 25th Rec of B. Thomas 1 pr stockings 50

Bloomfield Thomas Dr To share of Navigator 2. 50

May 5th 1845 B. Thomas Cr by his order on C. Williams 1. 50

May 5th Charles Williams Cr By order on the Owners 1. 50

May 5th James Hawley Cr By order on the Owners 5 50

May 5th Bloomfield Thomas. Cr By order on the Owners 1 50.

D. C. Wright in account with W. P. Manchester

1842.	Sept 24 th	Bot of W. P. Manchester 24 lbs Tobacco 40 ^c	\$ 9. 60
"	Oct 5 th	Paid 1/2 pr flannel drawer 12/-	1. 50
"	Dec 4 th	Paid 1 Payta Hat 31 1/4	0. 31 1/4
1843	June 1 st	Paid 3 lbs Tobacco 40 ^c	1. 20
"	June 12 th	Bot 1 lb Tobacco 40 ^c	0. 40
"	June 30 th	Bot 2 lbs Tobacco 40 ^c	0. 80
1844.	April 26 th	Borrowed Cash 50 ^c	0. 50
"	June 20 th	Paid Bill on A. Mc Caskey 12/-	1. 50
"	"	Paid 1 Mani Mat	0. 25
"	Nov 1 st	Paid 1 Mani Mat	0. 37 1/2
"	"	Paid Cash \$2.00	2. 00
"	Dec 4 th	Paid 1 lb Tobacco	. 25

As I find by experience the benefit of suitable subjects for thought, I have concluded, in order to furnish myself with such subjects, to commit to memory one verse at least, every day, from the sacred volume - and to accustom myself to reflect upon, and endeavor to profit by them in the leisure time which I have while I belong to this ship, - and to mark the Chapter & verse so learned in this book for future reference -

Sept 22^d - D. C. Wright 1842. Sept 22^d Mark 4th Chap 39th. And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

Sept 23^d - Lamentations 3^d - 40th Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. (Wm. assistance D. C. W.)

Sept 24th - Phil 1st 31st Now we know that he hath not deceived us; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he loveth.

Sept 25th - Rom 14th 12 - So then every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.

Sept 26th - Psalms 84th 11th For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Sept 27th - Psalms 55th 17th Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.

Sept 28th - Mark 11th 22^d And Jesus answering, saith unto them, Have faith in God.

Sept 29th - James 1st 12 Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Sept 30th - Prov 14th 32 The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death.

Oct 1st - Rom 8th 13th For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

Oct 2^d - John 6th 48th I am that bread of life.

Oct 3^d - Matt 5th 8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Oct 4th - Matt 11th 7th Judge not, that ye be not judged.

Oct 5th - Rom 12th 17. Revenge to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. { appropriate to my case D. C. W }

Oct 6th - Psalms 119th 9th Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Oct 7th - 1st Thess 5th 22 abstain from all appearance of evil.

Oct 8th - 1st Cor 13th 1st If I have love, I will be patient.

[illegible]

1842 December 31st Miss D. Rush. Passages of scripture
Nov 20. 2 Cor 10. 18. To commend himself is approved. but when the

1843 1843. May. 8. 1st time, ^{commandments}

Do. 20. 1 John 3 and surely we do know that we know him if we keep his

Do. 31. 1 John 3. 18. My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, ^{but in deed. & by truth.}

Do. 1st 1 Cor 6. 17. But he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit

Do. 2^d 1 Cor. 10. 13 There hath no temptation taken you but such &c.

Do. 3^d Eph 6. 10. Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord & in the power of his might

Do. 4th Phil 1. 21. For to me to live is Christ, & to die is gain

Do. 23. Rom 8. 16 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God

Disappointment.	1
Happiness. Where is it?	1
The Maid of Erin	2
The Young American Tar. Washington	3
The Soldier's Dear	3
Health to the Lasses - & Farmer's Daughter	4
I cannot stay a minute -	4
The ray that beams forever	5
Naval Strength of different powers	5
To Miss - When I told you I can't but allow	6
To Esther B. & (and to G. Candy	6
To Woman. Away away gone all the same	7
To Fanny - Fanny my love we never were sages	7
The Suller he fears not the roar of the seas	7
I was on that lip for a moment has gazed	8
Take back the sigh thy lips of art	8
Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain	9
I've been roaming &	9
Little Love is a mischievous boy	9
Whatever my fate. Where'er I roam	10
Hope told a flattering tale	10
Tell me my heart, Thy morning's prime	10
The Sailor's Dear - &	11
Let him who loves a maid	11
The accepted lover	12
My Mother dear - She is true - & So - E. J. C	13
Young maiden hearts burn - & the Rose of allendale	14
Intemperance - (and Epitaphs -	15
To an old sweetheart now married - & To E. M. Wright	16
To an old piece of salt-junk	16
The Bible - The Tar on the Ocean	17
The Sailor Boys Dream - & Poor William found a ^{man} battery	18
Sailor's lullaby - The Indian Hunter	19
Time -	20
Smoking - Red hair - Irish Butts - Crooked eyes Kisses sweet	21
The dew drop - & Observations	22
Lips Billows - & an extract	23
Mind - a Full Wife - The Millennium	24
Two boots - & Tell me not of joys above	25
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[illegible]

Extra of anniversary events for reference Cont

1841

Andrew Green was born Dec 15 1841

1859

do do Charles Benedict 8 years

1862

do do John Benedict 10 years

1867

do do John Benedict 15 years

1871

do do John Benedict 19 years

1876

do do John Benedict 24 years

1882

do do John Benedict 30 years

1887

do do John Benedict 35 years

1892

do do John Benedict 40 years

1897

do do John Benedict 45 years

1902

do do John Benedict 50 years

1907

do do John Benedict 55 years

1912

do do John Benedict 60 years

1917

do do John Benedict 65 years

1922

do do John Benedict 70 years

1927

do do John Benedict 75 years

1932

do do John Benedict 80 years

1937

do do John Benedict 85 years

1942

do do John Benedict 90 years

1947

do do John Benedict 95 years

1952

do do John Benedict 100 years

1957

do do John Benedict 105 years

1962

do do John Benedict 110 years

@ shall note the date of any note or receipt of which I may hear for the purpose of reference

A D 1646	George of Connecticut his father as a	1646
1653	When Connecticut was made Lord Protector in	1653
1658	he died	1658
1660	The house of Stuart was restored in England	1660
1743	The Duke of Devon was born - 4th mo 13th	1743
1773	The Duke of Devon took his seat in Congress	1773
1779	He was elected one of Virginia	1779
1794	He was elected one of Maryland	1794
1826	He died 7th mo 4th	1826
1665	The city of London was united with the Palatinate	1665
1769	Madison was born Aug 13th	1769
1799	was made first Consul Dec 13th	1799
1802	Consul for life Aug 2nd	1802
1804	" " Consul for life Aug 2nd	1804
1804	" " Consul for life Aug 2nd	1804
1812	was elected Consul June 22nd	1812
1814	first elected at Constantinople Aug 11th	1814
1815	returned the sum of government March 20	1815
1815	second election at St. Peter Aug 21	1815
1815	appointed to St. Helena Aug 7th	1815
1821	died at St. Helena May 3rd	1821
1732	George Washington was born Feb 22nd English	1732
1799	He died Dec 14th in the 68 year of his age	1799
1799	He was elected President June 8	1799
1799	He died Aug 6 9 years	1799
1735	John Adams was born Oct 19. Mass	1735
1797	He was elected President June 4 years	1797
1826	He died Aug 8 33 years	1826
1757	Thomas Jefferson was born March 5. Va	1757
1809	He was elected President June 9 years	1809
1837	He died Aug 86 years	1837
1758	James Monroe born April 28th Va	1758
1819	He was elected President June 9 years	1819
1831	He died Aug 43 years	1831
1769	John Adams was born	1769
1825	He was elected President June 6 years	1825

in the whole - & the first time they were

" 17.50
 Feb 10.75
 L.B. Dean C. Wright
 84
 " 84

May 11th 1860
Dear C. H. Smith
I have a book -
"The Great A. Book" -
" 30
" 40

123 Franklin D. Edwards
 45 Wm. C. Edwards
 46 Wm. C. Edwards
 47 Wm. C. Edwards
 48 Wm. C. Edwards
 49 Wm. C. Edwards
 50 Wm. C. Edwards
 51 Wm. C. Edwards
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 95 Wm. C. Edwards
 96 Wm. C. Edwards
 97 Wm. C. Edwards
 98 Wm. C. Edwards
 99 Wm. C. Edwards
 100 Wm. C. Edwards

" Aug 22^d W.B. George & Obed
" " " " " "

"Jenische 18, D.D. Menge de koppen van de Maat. 000 "

Jeniche 21, B.B. Hoog. R. vergaafte if taal. 473 "

13 May 6 W.B. George & Watson. 000 "

15. # B.D. Wilson, P. cavendishii, 1. Ind. 1. 100.0
 16. # B.D. Wilson, P. cavendishii, 1. Ind. 1. 100.0

March 15th / B B Large N Loggishall St. Water. 70

March 27th 1838. New Brunswick.
To David W. B. King & Company of New York.

8th 8th W.B. Charles Brown
 29th 29th B.B. Alexander, Hecker

Office des Archives; Archives - etc

George & Robert
Jr. & William to S. Lincoln & Co. 1000

Feb 20th J. James Shanty -
at 11th Edward Smith boy
26- 24

010
 J L
 Jan 5 Manchester
 010

March 1st - I. J. John Barker
" " Edward Smith Esq
" " " " " "

1867 H. Newman in acc't with A. C. Bryant
 Dr To 1 Jan 1867 \$0.38
 1868 To 1/2 bro's share 18 3/4
 To 21/100 balance 51

From 23rd Dec to 28th I was away
 28th " to 29th I was away
 6th Jan to 8th I was away
 16th Jan to 29th I was away. 29th I was away
 16th Jan to 29th I was away. 29th I was away
 2nd Feb to 29th April I was away
 2nd May to 28th June I was away

From 23rd Dec to 28th I was away
 28th " to 29th I was away
 6th Jan to 8th I was away
 16th Jan to 29th I was away. 29th I was away
 16th Jan to 29th I was away. 29th I was away
 2nd Feb to 29th April I was away
 2nd May to 28th June I was away



Date _____ Long. _____ Lat. _____ No. of Observations _____

1842.10	3	36.24	84.16	110
" 2 mo 10"	2	23.47	70.50	84
" 1 mo 16"	2	34.43	86.43	35
" 5 mo 11"	3	5.02	85.38	41
" 6 mo 5"	1	1.39	84.50	30
" 6 mo 9"	2	2.55	88.16	32
" 6 mo 23"	1	1.45	86.05	26
" 2 mo 9"	0	23.49	70.50	00
" 5 mo 9"	0	3.16	88.31	00
" 12 mo 12"	0	4.23	88.12	00
" 2 mo 22"	0	12.53	no obs	00
" 12 mo 10"	1	0.27	88.32	20
" 12 mo 24"	1	0.20	72.36	43
" 12 mo 24"	1	0.20	72.36	55
" 1843.10	0	13.46	73.46	0
" 1 mo 18"	1	0.37	74.20	94
" 1 mo 14"	0	0.08	73.37	00
" 5 mo 11"	0	0.02	74.00	00
" 1 mo 21"	1	0.43	74.48	20
" 2 mo 8"	0	0.74	74.44	00
" 3 mo 15"	1	5.47	112.58	00
" 3 mo 22"	0	5.47	113.04	00
" 3 mo 27"	2	5.00	113.00	50
" 4 mo 11"	1	5.13	130.00	52
" 6 mo 28"	0	36.33	179.50	00
" 4 mo 29"	0	29.33	185.33	00
" 4 mo 28"	0	28.55	174.24	00
" 4 mo 29"	0	29.49	no obs	00
" 4 mo 10"	0	29.50	no obs	00
" 4 mo 16"	2	36.23	no obs	160
" 1844.2 mo 1"	1	29.00	no obs	58
" 2 mo 22"	1	28.11	no obs	25
" 2 mo 22"	2	26.11	no obs	24
" 2 mo 22"	0	27	no obs	00
" 2 mo 27"	0	1.58	no obs	00
" 3 mo 1"	0	1.45	no obs	00
" 3 mo 2"	1	1.43	no obs	00

Midnight

Number of hares lost. Belonging to the G. Boat
 Aug 5th 1842 - 2. (also other kind of boat)

July 15	1	
Aug 16	1	
May 11	1	
Sept 15	1	
Oct 23	1	
Aug 21. 1843	1	
Aug 18 th 1844	1	
June 12	2	
" 25	2	found 7 spack
" 24	2	Birds 2
" 25	2	Abons. 2. Lances
July 2 nd	2	from line spack
" 11 th	2	from 9 on lance

